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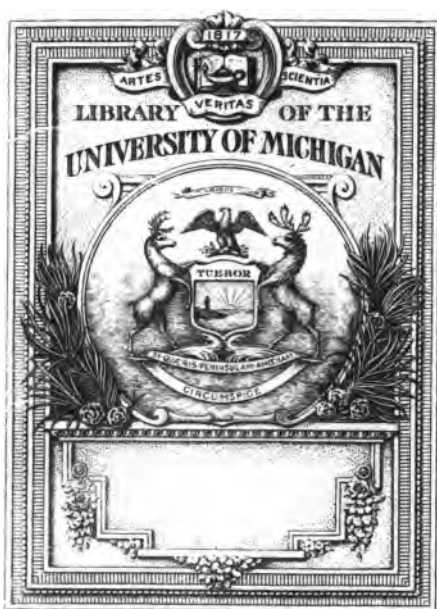
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OBSERVATIONS,

&c. &c.

OBSERVATION
MORAL, LITERARY, AND ANTIQUARIAN

MADE DURING

A TOUR

THROUGH

THE PYRENNEES, SOUTH OF FRANCE,

SWITZERLAND,

THE WHOLE OF ITALY,

AND

The Netherlands,

IN THE

YEARS 1814 AND 1815.

BY JOHN MILFORD, JUN.

LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.”

VIRGIL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Page	Line
30	4th from bottom, for <i>affords</i> read <i>afford</i> .
57	5th from bottom, for <i>Pie</i> read <i>Pic</i> .
64	2nd from bottom, for <i>Gratusque</i> read <i>Gnatusque</i> .
66	1st <i>et seq.</i> for <i>Carcessone</i> read <i>Carcassone</i> .
97	The vignette representing the <i>Valley of Fauchuse</i> will be found at page 65.
124	14th, for <i>censure</i> read <i>amuse</i> .
136	3rd from bottom, for <i>has</i> read <i>had</i> .
239	19th, for <i>characters</i> read <i>character</i> .
241	19th, for <i>produces</i> read <i>produce</i> .
272	13th, for <i>rude</i> read <i>verde</i> .

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7	3rd from bottom, for <i>decays</i> read <i>decay</i> .
14	7th, for <i>signora</i> read <i>signor</i> .
17	19th, for <i>his</i> read <i>its</i> .
44	17th, for <i>Pictas</i> read <i>Pictus</i> .
102	13th, for <i>attracts</i> read <i>attract</i> .
124	8th, for <i>ten</i> read <i>five</i> .
131	3rd, for <i>March</i> read <i>April</i> .
133	8th, for <i>12th</i> read <i>30th</i> .
ibid	9th, for <i>8th</i> read <i>26th</i> .
141	18th, for <i>dislike</i> read <i>disliked</i> .
142	13th, for <i>amusements</i> read <i>subjects</i> .
179	7th, for <i>have been</i> read <i>be</i> .
198	17th, for <i>recedes</i> read <i>recede</i> .
ibid	same line, for <i>is</i> read <i>are</i> .
206	14th, for <i>furnish</i> read <i>furnishes</i> .
229	15th, after <i>than</i> insert <i>in</i> .
244	1st, for <i>impressions</i> read <i>impressions</i> .
267	7th, dele the first word, <i>roofs</i> .
ibid	10th, for <i>point</i> read <i>front</i> .
281	3rd, dele <i>so</i> .

OBSERVATIONS, &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN consequence of having heard that some disturbances were likely soon to take place between the Pope and the King of Naples, we set out and proceeded to Naples, through Valettri, Terracina, and Capua. I could not quit imperial Rome, where I had enjoyed so much intellectual gratification of the sublimest nature, without "casting one longing, lingering look behind" on taking leave of this city of ancient heroes, probably for ever. I inevitably fell into a contemplative mood, and could not help recollecting how often, during my stay there, surrounded by the ruins of ages, I had moralized "*de fuga seculi et de vanitate mundi*;" how frequently I had thought

to myself, "Here's room for meditation, e'en to madness, till the mind burst with thinking." It was indeed impossible, when contemplating these scenes, not to be perpetually reminded of the transient nature of all things human, even those which appear the most powerfully calculated to defy the impressions of time itself, the irresistible destroyer, and to descend to the latest posterity.

The most classical, and consequently the most interesting, scene upon the continent, is that, of all others, which is perhaps the most neglected. I mean the greatest part of the journey between Rome and Naples, which is generally hurried through with the utmost precipitation, on account of its being through a flat marsh, offering no food but to the contemplative mind: let us, however, recollect, that this Pontine marsh, this region of stagnant water and disease, was once an immanent plain, of rich cultivation. Every where there is something to interest our curiosity, excite our surprise, or melt us with compassion. The *Campania* of Rome (the modern name of this country), although

disfigured with ruins, and marked by the sterility of its land, and the unhealthiness and misery of its people, cannot fail to awaken ideas of its former power and inhabitants ; and to inspire us with reflections of a melancholy cast, when we compare its present situation with what it once was. What a lesson to human pride, and of the mutability of human possessions, when we trace a country of near forty miles, now an uninhabitable mass of desolated swamp, breathing only pestiferous exhalations to the destruction of human life, which once was the seat of pleasure and riches, wafting the breath of health and luxury to its innumerable population ! Where shall we look round for even a vestige of the palaces, villas, gardens, nay of more than twenty populous towns, which are recorded to have been situated here ; and which the invasion and plunder of successive conquerors, and above all that more destroying conqueror, time, have sunk into oblivion ? We may here say with *Mr. Shandy*, “Where is Troy, and Mycenæ, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persæpolis, and Agrigentum ; and of Ninevah, and

Babylon, of Cyzecum, and Melylene, the fairest towns the sun ever rose on are now no more, their names only are left (and many of these are wrong spelt), and those, in length of time, will be forgotten!"

We slept the first night at *Veletri*, a very ancient town of considerable size and population, situated upon a rising ground, about twenty-five miles from Rome. Besides many ruins of antiquity, it contains some modern palaces with extensive gardens. We were lodged in an immense palace, which now only bears the sorry remains of its former grandeur. The marble staircase is, however, magnificent. This palace now belongs to a prince, who has let the whole to serve as an inn, with the exception of two rooms, which he himself inhabits. The fall of this unfortunate prince, I was informed, arose from some change in the government.

Here the beauties of nature and cultivation end. We had now arrived at that vast tract of desolation already mentioned, called the Pontine marshes, occupying an extent of more than forty miles in length

and twelve in breadth. They reach from *Nettuno* to *Terracina*; and by the side of the road you will remark the canals that have been made by different popes, to drain them. *Terracina* is sixty-four miles distant from *Rome*, the last town of the ecclesiastical state, and separates it from the kingdom of *Naples*. It stands at the base of a ridge of rocks, whose fantastic shape forms a very romantic object. This is the ancient *Anxur* mentioned by *Horace*, whose account of it is correct, even to the present day,

“ Subimus

“ Impositum, saxis late candentibus, *Anxur*.”

The extensive depopulation in this neighbourhood is fixed to have taken place in the beginning of the sixteenth century; and where the depopulation, or emigration, of the inhabitants have been greatest, cultivation has progressively ceased, and diseases have become more mortal. So rapidly have these causes operated, that the *mal aria* now is not confined to the marshes, but extends itself also to the higher grounds, even to the walls of *Rome*;

and I much doubt if this boundary will long continue to be the limit of so pestiferous an atmosphere, during the summer months. In looking at the inhabitants of this devoted soil, the men appeared, from their figures, to possess muscular strength; but the women were really hideous, if any of the fair sex may be so called.

Fondi is the first town in the kingdom of Naples, and sixteen miles from it is *La Mola di Gaeta*. The classic traveller will naturally recollect those beautiful lines of Virgil, in the seventh book, which so tenderly commiserate his nurse Caiëta, and it is remarkable that the opposite fortress is still distinguished by this never to be forgotten appellation. I have seen few situations more lovely than that of *La Mola di Gaeta*: it is a small place standing on the sea-shore, and very near the water's edge, the view on every side abounding with the greatest variety. A night scene at this delightful spot brought to my remembrance those beautiful lines of Metastasio, in the beginning of his 10th cantata:—

"Gia la notte s'avvicina :
 Vieni O Nice, amato bene,
 Della placida marina
 Le fresch'aure a respirar.
 Non sa dir che sia diletto
 Chi non posa in quest arene,
 Or che un lento zefiretto
 Dolcemente increspa il mar."

This place likewise reminds us of the fate of Cicero, who, in his journey from hence, was treacherously murdered by Popilius Lænas.

What a heavenly climate is this! In the month of February the weather was most delightful, and vegetation so fast advancing, that the fruit-trees in this neighbourhood were already in blossom. In the observations of the remains of Minturnæ, on the borders of the beautiful and transparent Liris, now the Garigliano, the traveller who delights in nature's quiescent scenes cannot fail of being highly charmed: the objects, indeed, are few; but they are on one side very highly interesting, though much reduced by the decays of time, and pleasing on the other side, from the consequence of cultivation, and the comforts of abundance.

Between this river, and the renowned and fascinating city of Capua, the devotees of Bacchus will hang with remembrance upon those exhilarating lines of Horace and Anacreon, that so cheerfully commemorate the convivial powers of the celebrated wines of Falernum, of which the Roman orators, as well as poets, have so frequently resounded the praise. This wine is made two miles from Puzzoli, on the coast of Baia.

Capua is the last stage before you arrive at Naples. It is a strongly fortified town, situated on the river Volturno, and about two miles from the ancient city, so renowned for its luxuries and delight, the residence of opulence, and the throne of pleasure. It is built from the vast ruins of ancient Capua, of which there are still innumerable remains in every direction around the town, giving the modern edifices the appearance of vast antiquity, from the rich marble and ancient inscriptions which draw the attention of the stranger. The country in this neighbourhood is in high cultivation, enlivened with vineyards, oranges, fig-trees, and groves of olives.

Here the remains of Roman splendour surround us on every side, giving a continued memento of fallen magnificence. I visited the amphitheatre, which, from its size and the colossal fragments of marble, reminds one of its former grandeur. Even the wreck of such buildings cannot fail to interest every beholder. The entrance is ornamented with handsome pillars of the Doric order; the arena is perfectly cleared, and now become a corn field!! The cathedral and public buildings of the modern town contain objects to attract notice; but in truth, after my long residence at Rome, I felt little inclination at present for minutely investigating such structures.

If my classical readers will allow me to cast a retrospect over this latter part of my journey, I will recal to their recollection a journey performed through the same country near 2000 years ago, by that most instructive and entertaining poet, Horace. In travelling between Rome and Naples, I read with pleasure the account he gives of his journey from Rome to Capua, and when I arrived at the different towns described by him, made a comparison be-

tween their present and their original state.

Horace commences in the following words,

“Egressum magna me accepit Aricia Roma
Hospitio modico;” &c. &c.

I took particular notice of *Aricia*, now called *Rizza*, about twenty miles from Rome, and was in the neighbourhood of Forum Appii, (the ancient name of a little town fifty miles from Rome) where the water to the present time is so bad, as also at Terracina, that the people scarcely ever taste it. When the waiter at the latter town informed me of this circumstance, the ancient poet's complaint of the same evil occurred to my mind:

“Hic ego, propter aquam, quod erat teterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, cenantem haud animo equo
Expectans comites,”

Fondi, (a town sixteen miles from Terracina) is also mentioned by Horace. Its former name was *Fundos*.

"Fondos Aufido Laco Prætoris libentur
Linquimus."

Here he quizzes the curate of the parish for the ridiculous pomp and idle ceremonies which he used to enjoin upon the people about him.

Urbs Mamurarum, or *Mamuras*, is now called *Formies*, and thirteen miles from Fondi. Here Horace finds Virgil and some other friends, which meeting he describes in the following beautiful lines,

"Postera lux oritur molto gratissima: namque
Plotius et Varius, Sinuessæ Virgiliusque
Occurrunt; animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque quæ me sit devinctior alter
O, qui complexus! et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego centulerim jucundo sanus amico."

Sat. 5. B. 1st.

From Sinuesseæ, which is nineteen miles from Formies, he goes to Capua, twenty-five miles distant, and, afterwards leaving the road to Naples, proceeds to Beneventum.

For the greater part of the road between Rome and Naples, a distance of 152 miles, you pass over the old *Via Appia*, commencing five miles before you reach Terra-

cina, which in general is in a good state of repair, about fourteen feet in breadth, and made of a hard and dark coloured stone. Scenes and contemplations such as these afforded us delight till we arrived at Naples.

Naples stands opposite Mount Vesuvius, on several hills, forming together a kind of crescent on the eastern shore of the sea, the waters of which bathe the walls of the city. Nothing can be imagined more delightful than this situation, which bears some resemblance to that of Genoa; but to see it in perfection you ought to take a sail around the bay, when you will allow it to be unequalled for beauty any where.

The city of Naples was so uncommonly full of strangers, that we were several hours in finding out any kind of accommodation, and at last were obliged *pro tempore* to put up at a miserable inn.

I will, in my description of this interesting city, give an account of some of the many edifices I visited, and conclude by making a few observations on its inhabitants and environs.

After coming from Rome, in which city,

as I have already remarked, there is an ecclesiastical quietness, and dull monotony about every thing, a person is much struck with the great contrast on his arrival at Naples, where all is noise, gaiety, bustle, and confusion. I do not believe there is a city in the world, which, for its size, contains a larger population. This amounts to about 360,000 souls. From the heights around Naples, for a considerable distance, you can distinctly hear the excessive buzz of the people, who all day long appear to desert their houses, and to amuse themselves by parading the streets, which from morning till night are continually crowded, not only by foot passengers, but also with a greater number of carriages than I ever saw in any other city. The principal part of them are to be hired in all the best streets; many are with four wheels, but still more have only two, and are drawn by one horse. These latter vehicles, which are called *calessi*, seem from their velocity to fly, and as there is no separate pavement for the humble pedestrian, he is every moment in danger of being run over. You pay only about one

shilling per hour for these gigs; and, in consequence, all the world forsooth must ride. You drive yourself or not as you please; in the former case, the person of whom you hire the *calesso* stands behind. The common shoe-black as well as the grand *signora*, the private soldier as well as his officer, you see galloping up and down the streets merely *pour passer le temps*. Foot passengers seem to be held in very low estimation at Naples, where you can ride at so small an expense.

There are about 15,000 persons (says a modern author) employed in going before carriages, and as many in riding behind them. In this number are included many of the link boys, who at night run with torches before vehicles or pedestrians returning from the theatre, as the city is not well lighted. The great noise which is peculiarly remarkable in the streets of Naples, arises from the immense number of drivers hollowing to the people to get out of their way. *Avanti!* (forward!) is the word which continually salutes your ear whilst you are walking; and, if you do not attend to the call immediately, you

will be inevitably run over ; for the notice is not given till the pole of the carriage is almost against you.

The building of Naples is not very regular ; nor are the generality of the edifices particularly remarkable for the beauty of their architecture. The numerous churches, as well as the palaces of the nobility, are so inferior in magnificence to those at Rome, that I shall relieve my readers, by not entering into a particular description of them. The king's palace is superior in beauty to all the other buildings. It is of immense extent, and incloses many objects of the fine arts ; but I was much disappointed in not being allowed to see the interior. They were now building a square before this residence of royalty, which, when completed, will be the grandest ornament of the kind in the city. The *Strada di Toledo* is the only handsome street here. It is nearly a mile in length ; and entirely paved, as well as some of the other streets, with the lava of Vesuvius. Its breadth is more than sufficient to admit of two rows of carriages ; and on each side are good houses, built

with tolerable uniformity. This is the Bond-street of Naples; and here you find the best shops of every description. The *toute ensemble* is grand, and the scene always busy and interesting. There are few other handsome streets in this city, the rest, for the most part, being narrow, crooked, and dirty.

In order to get a fine view of Naples, I would recommend every traveller to go to the Castle of St. Erma, standing on a height which entirely commands the city. This castle now serves for two purposes, viz. that of a fort and a hospital. It was formerly a palace: and in the interior is a remarkably handsome church, where every one must admire the richness and variety of the marbles, the splendid ornaments, and elegance of the whole edifice, as well as the paintings. The prospect from this castle is strikingly grand. After beholding the city, the eye wanders with pleasure over the noble bay, which is shut in by the island of Caprea, where the monster Tiberius passed a very considerable portion of his debauched and sanguinary life. The town of Portici, built as it were

upon the ruins of former cities, and still in dread of the impending terrors of Vesuvius, is an interesting object; and the ruins of Herculaneum, and those of Pompeii, which fill the mind with sublime though melancholy impressions, are very striking and remarkable features in this romantic neighbourhood. The country around is most delightfully abundant in every thing that can administer to the luxuries of man; and the enthusiast beholds in imagination, the views which have enriched the ideas of that great triumvirate of landscape painters, whose pre-eminence in this charming science has never been contested, nor will probably ever be surpassed; that country must indeed be enchantingly delightful, from which the pencil of Salvator Rosa took his rocks, the judicious Poussin his buildings and shades, and the exquisite Lorraine his skies, his waters, and his trees.

The spectator of the magnificent bay of Naples is impressed with one of the most sublime ideas of rural imagery that can possibly be described. The picturesque appearance of the buildings on one side;

retiring as it were into the earth, in seeming dread of the surrounding and impending hills, which are alternately diversified by smooth and uneven surfaces, in some parts naked, and in others varied with trees, and the whole prospect mantled over by a glowing haze ; and if you add to these effects a winding shore, a picturesque mole, a noble road for shipping, no less than 100 miles in circumference, and a transparent sea, in which the magnificent objects of nature, and the more humble impressions of art, are in combination reflected : these different objects, taken altogether in one view, cannot fail to astonish ; and, at the same time, to strike the imagination, and to fix the sight.

To a man of gay habits, I should recommend Naples as a most desirable residence : he will meet with plenty of society, and a variety of theatres open every evening in the week. He will find the city in one continual bustle from day-break till night, and observe a smile in almost every countenance. The activity is nearly equal to that in the city of London, and the noise much greater. Their proverb says, "*Vedi*

Napoli e poi mori ;" which means, that, after having seen Naples, you can never expect to meet with its equal, and had therefore better die.

I shall omit my description of the splendid theatre of St. Carlos, as it is no longer in existence, having been, since my visit, destroyed by fire. There are several extensive theatres at Naples, but of no particular interest. I shall not therefore describe them ; but take the liberty of introducing two gentlemen, who are of great antiquity, though not very classical. They have always commanded my attention during youth, and I hope will never fail to furnish me with amusement in old age. The personages I allude to are, Punch and the Devil. With all the partiality which our English nursery has always entertained for these heroes, we must not venture to draw any comparison between their adventures and exploits in England, and those which are witnessed at Naples. I sometimes strolled into one of the minor theatres, where kings, priests, politicians, players, and all other eminent performers on the stage of life, are mimicked by large automaton, to so ridi-

culous a degree, as must force the gravest of mankind to laugh, if it be for once only during their existence. The mechanism which moves these heroes in pasteboard, is so admirably contrived, and the sound from behind, so dexterously conveyed, that I could not easily be led to believe that they were not real heroes of the buskin. The subject that evening was a caricature of the most eminent singers then at Naples. Whilst the symphony was playing, one of these personages, with all the importance of dignity, was strutting about the stage. He then began a song, in which he executed the most difficult passages with such grace, as would have excited the strongest sensations of admiration, had not the whimsical distortions of his features, and his ludicrous imitations, occasioned irresistible convulsions of laughter. I wish that such surprising pieces of mechanism could be produced in England, for the gratification of my juvenile friends; but I fear we should also discover, as did a certain nobleman when he made a purchase of this description, and wished afterwards to return it, that, whilst "in his possession," Punch would

not speak. In one particular street of Naples the number of these whimsical exhibitions is incredibly great.

The Chiaia (quay) is the finest promenade, as well as suburb, at Naples, and the principal lounge for the afternoon. It extends along the shore, and near the water's edge, and from it you enjoy a noble view of the bay, and of Mount Vesuvius. This promenade has lately been much improved, and ornamented by a number of statues; amongst which is the famous Toro Farnese (Farnesian Bull) from the Farnesian palace at Rome, where it was originally kept. It is of one block of marble, and supposed to have been executed by Apollonius and Tauriscus.

The royal museum at Naples is very deserving of notice, and contains the invaluable collection of antiquities from Herculaneum and Pompeii. Of all the striking objects here, none surpass the statue of Aristides. I was informed the famous Canova had said, that it was the first statue in the world. As you walk away, you can almost fancy it is following you, the position is so natural, there is such venerable

gravity about the countenance, such elegance about the drapery of the toga, such ease about the whole figure. The longer you examine it the more admirable does it appear on every point. After the statue of Aristides you will remark that of Hercules, known by the name of the Farnesian Hercules. On the pedestal is the name of the artist, Glycon, the Athenian. The symmetry of the figure is exquisite, and the whole is a *chef d'œuvre*, displaying all the veins and muscles of the human frame. You next will turn with pleasure to a lovely Venus, called *Venus aux belles Fesses*. One half of her bosom is concealed, the other open to view. The position of this Venus is very striking; she is carelessly looking behind her, and the profile of her face is beauty itself. The artist has imitated nature very closely, and manifested all the wonderful powers of the Grecian chisel. The famous statue of Flora is also here. The beauty of its drapery must strike the most careless observer. Next come the statues of the whole family of Balbus. Those of the consul and his son are equestrian ones,

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and that of the former is most admirable. There are here some of the finest specimens of antiquity found at Herculaneum, besides two gladiators, of natural size, brought from the Farnesian palace at Rome, and of great expression. A handsome Bacchus, a basso relievo of a woman playing with a fawn, and an enormous head of a horse in bronze, from Herculaneum. The barbarous people who found it, destroyed the remainder of the statue, to melt into bells. Near it, however, is an entire bronze statue of a horse, of immense size, and full of spirit. A dead gladiator; the expression of death in the countenance of whom is most wonderful. A small statue of Apollo in bronze. Fawn and boy; in the face of the former you will remark the greatest passion. Another fawn, with Bacchus on his shoulders: how truly this statue resembles life! the little boy is absolutely laughing. Jupiter and Ganymede; the former in shape of an eagle. These, and a number of other famous statues, were dug out from the bowels of the earth, at Herculaneum, at an enormous expense and the greatest labour,

being covered with several different strata of lava. They say it cost 60,000 ducats to dig up only two of them, namely, those of the consul Balbus, and his son, which are highly esteemed. In the same building, the royal academy is also held. In one of the rooms I observed a good modern painting of Epaminondas, wounded. The arrow has broken in his body; the surgeon (in whose countenance the greatest anxiety is expressed) is handling it with the utmost care. The other persons introduced, are all in the utmost despair at the unfortunate wound of their general. Up stairs you will see one room which contains a few fresco paintings, well executed, and likewise found by the indefatigable pursuits of the antiquary. Near it is a suite of apartments, into which all the collection of paintings from the royal palace, called Capo di Monte, have now been removed. Amongst the many, I remarked two excellent paintings by Bassano, although the subjects are not over interesting; the one of all kinds of fish, the other of a butcher's shop. I noticed another of a curious subject, viz. that of the blind leading the blind,

NAPLES.

and both of them falling into the ditch. You in a moment perceive they are blind, and the painting is therefore very striking. The finest paintings of this collection were taken by King Ferdinand with him to Sicily. In another part of this edifice are a variety of lamps, and Egyptian idols, fragments of old Roman glass, and some egg-shells, which are in a perfect state to this day, besides innumerable other antique utensils for the kitchen, as well as for the altar, during a sacrifice. Here are also some good models of the antiquities of Pæstum, and of some Roman tombs discovered in the environs of Naples; as well as of the skeletons, urns, and vases, which these tombs enclosed. In one, which belonged to a warrior, you see his arms lying by his side. Every one must admire the beautiful mosaic pavements, and Etruscan vases, in this collection, and one of the latter especially, which was found in the tomb of Agamemnon.

The figures on many of these vases are of great delicacy, and some of the subjects very curious. On one are represented persons masqued; and on another, several

men and women at a feast playing with each other. When one considers that each of these vases is nearly 3000 years old, one cannot but be astonished at the excellent state of preservation, and the fine polish to be observed on many of them. In this museum I saw some men employed in unravelling the different manuscripts found at Herculaneum. What a trial of patience! These manuscripts, written on the leaf of the papyrus, are exactly the colour of the lava, by which for so many centuries they were covered. The characters are in Greek, and human curiosity, combined with the greatest patience, are now by degrees bringing to light these interesting specimens of antiquity. It requires several months merely to open one manuscript, independently of the uncertain result of discovering the matter it contains. Some treatises have already I believe been published, and amongst them one on music. They, however, have not yet found out any thing very valuable, but of course live in hopes of so doing, sooner or later, and thereby of being repaid for all their labour. The library of this establishment

is also well worth visiting. In a large room at the entrance is a most wonderful echo, which repeats a sound upwards of thirty different times.

To a man fond of the bustling scenes of novelty and variety, few places can produce equal gratification to that which a visitor will feel during a short residence at Naples ; but the man of classical education, as well as the admirer of the beauties of nature, must be enraptured with its charming environs.



CHAPTER II.

I ROSE early one morning, and took an agreeable and long walk, passing over that country where the ancient Romans had their villas,

“ Il sole appena avea il dorato crine
Tolto di grembo a la nutrice antica,
E cominciava da le piagge alpine
A cacciar l'ombre, e far la cima aprica.”

The whole is well wooded; the vines grow to a great height, and are entwined round forest trees, so that in summer there must be one continued arbour and delightful shade. The orange, fig, and other fruit trees, add much to the beauty of the scenery. Without meeting with any direct path, I rambled about the hills, and every now and then was fully repaid for the difficulty of the ascent, by one of the finest sea views in nature. I passed through

the grotto of Posilipo, which is an astonishingly bold and wonderful work. Various are the conjectures respecting this immense vault, which is supposed to have been made previously to the time of the Romans, and is excavated through the mountain for a distance of 2316 feet. Its general height is forty feet, and its breadth twenty. In the centre is a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and on the top are two openings which have been pierced through the mountain to admit the light from above. This however is not sufficient, and, even with the help of lamps, the vault is generally dark. On beholding the extent of this grand undertaking, one would almost imagine it to have been the work of ages. On this mountain, which stands to the west of the city, are a number of villas belonging to the Neapolitans, delightfully situated, and surrounded by gardens, wherein vegetation appears more beautiful than elsewhere.

I now reached the small building called the tomb of Virgil, situated in a quiet recess on the ridge of the same mountain of Posilipo, and so perfectly hidden from

human view, that you do not perceive it till you are at the very entrance. Little is to be seen in the interior of the building, which is of brick, and about twenty feet in length, and as many in height. You merely remark the niches in the wall, which formerly contained the urn and vases. The tomb is covered with turf, and on the top, the trunk now alone remains of the famous laurel which, tradition said, had sprung spontaneously and would never wither. I cut off a morsel of the wood as a memento. This then is the tomb supposed to have contained the ashes of the immortal poet. What pleasing sensations every one must feel on beholding it! The branches and leaves of the evergreens entirely cover this small pyramidal building, and add much to its romantic beauty. On a tablet fixed in the rock, close to the entrance, you will read the following lines :

*" Qui cineres tumuli hæc vestigia conditur olim,
Ille hoc qui cecinit Pascua, Rura, Duces."*

After continuing my walk for some miles, I arrived at the lake of Agnano, about half a mile in diameter, and situated in a valley entirely hemmed in by moun-

tains. Its situation is wildly beautiful, and well adapted for minds fond of contemplation. A French author concludes his description of this lake with the following sentence: "I will say to all melancholy and tender hearts who shall visit Naples, do not fail to go and sit down on the borders of the lake of Agnano." The surface of the lake was covered with innumerable wild fowl of various kinds, and the weather so delightful, as to remind me of the approach of spring. The sea was most strikingly beautiful; the mountains which jut out into it, occasionally forming in appearance a number of picturesque lakes. Here is an island; and there a little village on the declivity of a hill. I experienced the most pleasing sensations on beholding all these lovely objects which surround the lake of Agnano. On its borders are the stews of St. Januarius, in a vaulted building containing several small rooms, where the hot baths are situated. On entering them, you smell a strong sulphureous vapour which rises from the ground. Some of the rooms are so very hot, that you can

only remain in them for a few moments. I was so much affected as to be obliged immediately to retreat. You will perceive some holes in the earth where the invalids are placed, and covered with flannel in order to receive dry baths, which are deemed very beneficial for various diseases, besides convulsions, rheumatism, and asthma. A few hundred yards from the stews of St. Januarius, is a small excavation in the rock, called the dog's grotto, because from the earth arises a nauseous vapour destructive to animal life. Our guide, remaining outside himself, held his dog in the middle of the grotto. The animal was soon sensibly affected, first struggled, and then howled most piteously: but he now no longer moved, and was to all appearance dead. In a few moments he would in reality have expired, had not his master taken him out of the grotto. I thought this singular, but cruel experiment had proved fatal, as the dog remained immoveable on first being exposed to the fresh air; however, animation by degrees returned, his fainting fit ended, and he ran round the lake most lustily, not a little happy, no doubt, to re-

gain his liberty. The surrounding scenery is very picturesque, and full of variety. After crossing the mountains covered with romantic woods, we arrived at an enchanting valley, in which the fig-tree, the vine, and poplar, are most luxuriant. To complete the landscape, by the side of the scattered cottages, you will observe the fragrant orange-tree. I had been treading on classic ground during the whole of my walk. This is the country celebrated in the verses of the immortal Virgil; and in these delightful spots dwelt the ancient Romans.

The next excursion I made was to *Pouzzoli*, a small town situated very delightfully near the sea, about seven miles from Naples. In the square of Pouzzoli is a very handsome and antique pedestal of white marble, about five feet in length and three in height, on which are more than a dozen statues of men and women in basso relievo. By the inscription we know that these figures (executed with the greatest delicacy) are meant to represent towns in Asia Minor, which, having been greatly injured by different convul-

sions of nature, were restored by the emperor Tiberius. In another square near this elegant pedestal, is the statue of a Roman senator. The head is modern, but the drapery of the toga virilis very striking. The cathedral of Pouzzoli was formerly an ancient temple. Its exterior is still embellished with several beautiful Corinthian pillars, which belonged to the original edifice.

In the environs of Pouzzoli are many interesting remains of the ancient town, at the head of which stand those of the temple supposed to have been dedicated to Serapis. From the colossal fragments of the pillars, and the peculiar beauty of the frieze, you can form some idea of the original splendor and magnificence of this edifice. Around the interior are several rooms, one of which served as a bath for the priests at their sacrifices. They were all cased with marble. You see the spots where the victims were immolated, even the iron rings to which they were fastened, and the large jars which contained their blood and entrails. In the centre of this temple is a spring of warm water. Three isolated

pillars alone are now standing of the many splendid ones which adorned this circular building; the remainder were, in a great measure, destroyed by an earthquake. Above the town are some trifling vestiges of an amphitheatre. The arena, where the gladiators exhibited, and where wild beasts and men met one another in the combat, is now happily an orchard, entirely covered with fruit trees. This amphitheatre is said to have been built by Dioclesian, and in its interior is a chapel, erected to the memory of some martyr. Not far distant are the remains of a fine temple, dedicated to Neptune, and on every side you will see the wreck of ancient edifices. I have already observed, that the mountain of Falernum, famous in ancient times for the wine of that name, is about two miles distant from Pouzzoli.

I next went to *Solfaterra*, an extinguished volcano, situated about a mile to the north of Pouzzoli. Its top has entirely disappeared. In the oval basin, 1,500 feet long, you remark the remains of the old craters. Smoke issues forth from every

part of the mountain, and at the principal mouth you distinctly hear the noise of water coming from the lake of Agnano, which is quite boiling. On striking the ground on which you are walking with a stone, the earth very perceptibly vibrates beneath you; this proves that there must be an immense cavity below. Here are likewise some sweating baths, the heat of which I could scarcely bear for a moment. This mountain produces a variety of minerals, amongst which sulphur is most abundant, besides vitriol and sal ammoniac. The king has here a large manufactory of sulphur. I returned to Pouzzoli to sleep, where I observed in the port, the remains of an immense pier, built to protect the vessels, but commonly called "the bridge of Caligula," from that emperor having been so foolish as to throw a bridge over from thence to Baia, and to support it against this pier; but as the bridge no longer existed, I hired a boat early on the morrow, and crossed an arm of the sea to the opposite shore.

As I sailed along the coast, and contemplated the beautiful bay of Naples, the

weather was heavenly, and nothing appeared to interrupt the quiet of so delightful a morning,

Il sol mai si bel giorno non aperse :
L'aere e la terra s'allegrava ; e l'acque
Per lo mar avean pace e per li fiumi.

PETRARCHA.

Leaving the boat, I proceeded with my guide to view the many interesting objects which this country contains. Having passed by Monte Nuevo, another extinguished volcano, we came to the lake of Averno, nearly half a mile in diameter, on the borders of which are some vestiges of a temple, said to have been dedicated to Apollo. This lake was, in ancient days, called "the lake of hell," from the dark colour and depth of its water, and from the unwholesomeness of the air in its neighbourhood. Near the water's edge is a subterraneous abode, named the grotto of the sybil of Cuma, (but it is very uncertain for what purpose it was intended) where the classical ideas of the visitor may assimilate the doleful waters of Acheron with those

that wander through this cavern, and of which it is indeed true, that

“ Above no sky is seen ; below
A turbid wave is seen to flow,
Which scarcely, as it moves along,
Deserves the tribute of a song.”

Having provided ourselves with torches, we entered a comfiodious passage, pierced through the solid rock ; but soon the road became so narrow, as only to admit one person at a time : and as we now had reached a part of it where the water was two feet in depth, I mounted on the shoulders of my guide, and had a ride for about thirty yards. We at last arrived at two rooms cut out of the rock, one of which they tell you served for the sybil's baths, whilst, from the other, she delivered her oracles. The sybil was the grand prophetess of paganism. This cavern is very little altered, since the time it was described by Virgil in the following lines :

“ Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorunqne tenebris,
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes

.. *Transire iter peninis, talis sese halitus aëris*
Fancibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat ;
 (Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.)”

ÆNEID, B. 6.

However, there are no longer any destructive vapours arising from the Lake. Whether it was because Virgil has said so, I know not; but, certainly, to me the whole scenery about the Lake of Averno appeared dark, gloomy, and imposing. Not far from hence, on the sea shore, are the baths of Proserpine, and, almost adjoining, those of Nero, which are also called the stews of Tritoli. The latter are sweating baths: not being in rude health, I was little inclined to contend with the heat, and therefore only went a short way into the interior. My guide came out entirely bathed in perspiration, although he had almost stript himself naked before he entered; he brought out from the extremity a bucket of water, sufficiently hot to boil some eggs, of which I partook, from curiosity as well as appetite. Close to the entrance are a number of rooms, hewn out of the rock, in which the invalids repose after taking the baths, the

season for which is early in the summer. The baths of this coast are considered beneficial for nervous affections. Horace says, the people of Baia were angry at his going elsewhere for the recovery of his health :

"Sane murteta relinqui,
Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulphura contemni, vicus gemit."

HOR. Ep. 15, lib. 1.

We once more embarked on the charming bay, and landed at *Baia*. You will constantly remark along the shore the ruins of antique edifices, many of which are under the transparent water, occasioned by the many inroads the sea has made on this coast. It is probable the Neapolitans will never have the curiosity to recover the many treasures in sculpture and mosaic here concealed. Close to Baia are some vestiges of the temple of Diana. The wreck of its immense dome convinces you of its former magnificence. At every step I contemplated, with peculiar interest, some trace of the ancient town of Baia, so celebrated by the poets for its delightful si-

tuation. Here the ancient Romans of distinction had their villas; and here, instead of rationally enjoying the many natural luxuries of this favoured spot, they passed a life of riotous dissipation and debauchery.

The charms of this superlatively beautiful climate have been sung by the Muses from time immemorial down to the present day: Horace says,

“ Nullus in orbe sinus Bajis præluet amænis,”

And Virgil speaks of its eternal spring,

“ Hic ver assiduum atque ælenis mensibus æstas.”

In more modern times our poet Addison thus expresses himself:

“ Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.”

I next observed an edifice supposed to have been dedicated to Mercury, in which the whispering-gallery and echo are cu-

rious ; and a little farther are some remains which, probably, belonged to a temple of Venus, where you find a few *basso-relievo*, enough of which remain to shew the indelicacy of some of the subjects. Continuing our walk towards the Cape of Miseno, we arrived at the *Piscina Mirabile*, supposed to have been a large reservoir for water, to supply the fleet ; or, as others affirm, a stew for fish. You descend by thirty marble steps to this building, which is nearly 200 feet square, and will be chiefly struck with the enormous size of the forty-eight pillars which support it. In this neighbourhood is the Lake of Fusaro, communicating with the sea, and called Acheron by the poets, who celebrated the fertile country on the opposite side by the name of the Elysian fields, to which poetical fiction said that Charon rowed over the shades of those deceased. From these heights the *coup d'œil* of the surrounding objects is full of sublimity. You behold the remains of the town and harbour of Miseno, beyond which is the island of Procida, containing a large town,

and a castle, which serves as an occasional residence for the King of Naples—and, still farther, is the island of *Iscia*.

We now passed through the village of *Bauli*, where there are numerous vestiges of ancient sepulchres. The climate here is so warm, that the peasantry are uncommonly dark, and the women, especially, appear scorched like the cinders of the lava which surround them.

Near *Bauli* we entered another subterraneous and melancholy abode, in which there are stated to be a hundred small rooms, from whence it receives its name of "*Cento Camarelle*:" some say these were the prisons of Nero; whether so or not, nothing could have exceeded the horror of the place. The dungeons are unchecked by the least ray of light. This circumstance, however, might perhaps have gratified the mind of a Nero. Others, however, affirm, they were the cellars belonging to an extensive palace. Close to the sea shore is another cavern, called the tomb of the second *Agrippina*. You will observe, by the assistance of the torches on each side of the large vault, some paintings in stucco,

which, however, are in a bad state of preservation. It is supposed that near this spot died the young Marcellus, son of Octavia, poisoned by the cruel wife of Augustus. The memory of this amiable prince, who had acquired the affection and esteem of the Romans, was celebrated by Virgil in the following elegy, which breathes grief in every line; and one may, therefore, give credit to the author of the life of Virgil, who says that Octavia (mother of Marcellus) fainted away when the poet read them in her company:

“Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus! vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, quum tumulum præterlabere recentem!
Heu Pictas! heu prisca fides,” &c. &c.

The situation of the few houses which now compose the town of Baia is most picturesque. The little bay which the sea forms here is charming, as well as the appearance of every thing around. Villages are very numerous; and the country is covered with figs, vines, and other fruit-trees, producing the finest foliage imaginable. Near Baia is the Lake of Fensale; and on its borders a sporting-box belonging to the

king. Here royalty comes to shoot the wild boars which inhabit the neighbouring woods.

All young travellers, but especially young Englishmen, are continually imposed upon by the fishermen on this coast, who, immediately on their arrival, offer them some *modern* antiques for sale, which are covered with figures of animals, reptiles, and plants, and called by them amethysts, cornelians, and agates, but which, in reality, are all of composition, and manufactured at Naples. One man in particular tormented me for more than an hour with his entreaties to purchase an exquisite cornelian, which, he solemnly affirmed, had been washed in by the sea only the day before. Out of curiosity I looked at the pretended treasure, and on it found a most ridiculous figure of an ass, in imitation of the Etruscan. I told the man I should have no more sense than the animal represented on his cornelian if I could be persuaded to buy such a specimen of antiquity.

We now once more embarked, and passed by the castle of Baia, a fortification situated on the cape of that name. As we rowed

along, we again observed the scattered fragments of buildings at the water's edge. This proves, that, by various earthquakes, so common in this climate, the sea, as I before observed, has considerably gained ground; and, indeed, you also find walls standing, which extend some hundred yards into the sea. I returned to Naples highly delighted, and with the most pleasing impressions left on my mind, from the contemplation of objects which cannot fail to interest even the most careless observer.

Another morning was spent in visiting the royal palace situated at *Casertà*, about twelve miles to the north of Naples. This palace, which forms a square, has never been finished; but is, notwithstanding, the largest in Italy. The exterior consists of four grand colonnades and a vestibule; and the immense suite of apartments are, for the most part, unfurnished; but the present king (Murat) was embellishing some of the rooms, which promise to be very costly. The staircase here surpasses in magnificence any other I have met with. The whole is composed of a variety of rich marbles, the slabs on the steps being each of one block, eighteen feet in length. At

the first landing-place are two huge lions, and at the top a variety of pillars, remarkable for their elegance. I doubt if there is a more splendid staircase in Europe. The royal chapel in this place is likewise entirely covered with fine marble. Amongst the paintings, the best is one by Mengs, representing the presentation of the Virgin in the temple. You must not omit to visit the theatre here, which is fitted up with great taste.

Within a mile of the palace of Caserta is that of *Belvidere*, which, being small, is chiefly used as a shooting-box for royalty. It has been well named, for the view in its environs is charming. The garden and pleasure-grounds are laid out according to the taste generally found to prevail abroad, and which I have before remarked respecting the Roman villas. Nature is disfigured in every possible manner; here is what the Italians consider a superb cascade, entirely artificial, and there fountains covered with hosts of sea gods and goddesses: now you arrive at a grotto where a cool stream meanders; and afterwards enter a straight avenue of trees trimmed

with the greatest nicety. The whole is the work of art only; and nothing is more uninteresting than such a sight to the admirer of the beauties of nature. The plain of Capua, in which Caserta stands, is finely cultivated, and beautifully wooded. On every side you see an abundance of vines, olives, and other fruit-trees, with numerous villages scattered around. About four miles from Caserta is an aqueduct, which is one of the finest modern works of the kind in existence. It crosses three valleys, and passes through five mountains. I descended into one of the valleys, where the building is 1618 feet in length, and 178 in height. The whole is constructed of a light-coloured stone, found in the neighbourhood. I did not reach Naples again till after sun-set.

The royal palace at *Portici* (about two miles from Naples) is not to be compared for beauty of architecture with the one at Caserta; but it incloses a most valuable museum of numerous paintings and other antiques found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. The execution of the generality of these paintings is not so striking as the brightness and wonderful preservation of

the colours. Amongst the best I observed one of Dido in despair; a Leda, in the figure of which you will observe great symmetry. Theseus liberating a child from a monster is striking, as are likewise the three Graces. The meeting of Orestes and Pyllas is an excellent group, each countenance containing wonderful expression. Here are also a number of small arabesque paintings of different animals, and some other subjects, which are very ludicrous. I remarked a school, where one boy was on the back of another, and the master by the side, in the act of inflicting corporeal punishment. This mode of enforcing learning seems, therefore, to have been as much approved of by the Greeks and Romans as it is by the pedagogues of the present day. I also recollect a curious painting in fresco of a carriage drawn by a grasshopper, and of which a parrot is the coachman. Another is drawn by a butterfly, and conducted by a griffin. These subjects may possibly have had some satirical reference. The admirer of antiquity will be much gratified in visiting this museum. As we have signs, so the

ancients had fresco paintings over the shops, representing their different professions. Several of these paintings are here preserved, besides vases of silver, bronze, and earthenware, used in the temples; and a variety of other utensils, remarkable for the delicacy of their execution. As the king generally resides in this palace during certain seasons of the year, the Neapolitan nobility have numerous villas, in a most charming country around Portici.

Innumerable are the interesting objects which surround Naples. Our next excursion was to the ruins of *Pompeii*. Various authors inform us that Pompeii was situated in the Gulf of Naples, with Herculaneum on one side, and Stabia and Sorrentino on the other.

During an eruption of Vesuvius, this city was entirely buried (with the greater part of its inhabitants) by an immense shower of cinders, and continued underground between 17 and 1800 years, till it was partly laid open in modern times. At the entrance of Pompeii are the barracks of the soldiers, and a number of pillars of the Doric order, on which the men amused

themselves by drawing gladiators, and other figures, which you can still plainly distinguish. The two grand theatres are near this spot. One was for tragedy, and the other for comedy; the former being covered for the performance at night; the latter (which was for the representations during the day-time) is entirely open. One door conducted to both. Here you will observe the marble seats for the spectators, and at one end of the theatre, the chief magistrates' seat, the stage, and the rooms where the actors dressed. On the area are written the following words:

"**MODULATUS M.**
VERUS, PRO LUDIS."

The architecture of one of these theatres, in the shape of a crescent, is particularly admired by all connoisseurs. After passing through a long gallery leading to the theatres, we arrived at a square, near which is a temple of the Doric order. On an adjoining pedestal is this inscription, "**M. Claudio. C. E. Marcello Patrono.**" From thence we entered a college, sur-

rounded by twenty columns of marble, and noticed the channels through which the water ran, in order to keep the rooms cool. We now walked down one of the principal streets, which is about ten feet in breadth. By the side is a raised pavement for foot-passengers. That in the centre was for carriages, (which are supposed to have been about four feet broad) so that there was sufficient room for two to pass each other. Here you will plainly perceive the ruts made by the wheels nearly 2000 years ago!! On one side of this street are the remains of the magnificent temple of Isis, in a good state of preservation. Behind the altar is a recess, where some say the priests hid themselves, and delivering their oracles from thence, made the people on the outside believe that the gods were speaking. Others consider this idea erroneous. Near this altar is the pedestal on which the sacrifices were offered, a room where the priests washed their hands, and a kind of well, into which the cinders were thrown. We proceeded on a little farther, and remarked another temple, said to have been dedicated to Esculapius. Next door

is a house, supposed to have belonged to a statuary, wherein many specimens of the fine arts were found. Every person must experience the greatest interest in visiting the amphitheatre of Pompeii. Curiosity has never gone so far as to clear the whole of the arena, but I was glad to find workmen now employed for that purpose. On its sides are represented a variety of animals, which used to be introduced in the exhibitions, and near one of them is a wounded gladiator. It was here the ancients took delight in seeing their fellow-creatures torn in pieces by wild beasts, and where even women exposed themselves, and drenched the ground with their blood;

"Sed feminarum illustrium, senatorumque
 UT Filiorum plures per arenam fœdati sunt."

TACITUS.

At each moment the workmen were discovering large pieces of fresco painting, which not being yet faded by the sun, offered to the sight a variety of colours more exquisitely beautiful than words can express. In this amphitheatre there are

forty-two rows of seats for the spectators, all of marble, which alone serve to give one an idea of the original splendor of the edifice. Pompeii, as I have already observed, was only buried by the loose cinders of Vesuvius, but Herculaneum (which I shall afterwards describe) was likewise covered with different strata of lava. It is, therefore, much easier to discover the remains of antiquity in the former city than in the latter. We now contemplated the wreck of a third temple, which, as far as one can judge from the elegance of its friezes, and the peculiar richness and variety of its marble, must have been the most magnificent edifice in Pompeii. As no inscriptions have been found, it is not known to whom this temple was dedicated. The walls of the private dwellings are painted in fresco; how lovely are the blue borders, what a pretty appearance have the yellow pannels, how much more brilliant are they than the colours of the present day! Many of the paintings represent different animals; but the best of them were removed to the royal museum at Portici. I can fancy these houses, which

were sometimes two stories high, to have been very comfortable, although not of a large size. The rooms in each of them are distributed nearly in the same manner. The marble basin in the centre, to contain water, the mosaic pavement, and many other objects, must naturally engage your attention. These rooms, though small, possess an elegance and justness of proportion, which immediately strike a person as he enters. We now repaired to the most populous part of the city, to see the palaces, shops, fountains, baths, and sepulchres. First we went into an oil-shop, still full of large amphoræ, which contained the liquor, and remaining in the same situation in which they were found. On some of them you will observe the name of the maker. What peculiar interest did I take in minutely examining every thing about the oilman's shop, whose earthen jars had continued unmoved for so many ages! We next found ourselves in a kitchen, where an excellent fire-place, with a stove on each side of it, is plainly distinguished. This kitchen, together with several adjoining rooms, no doubt belonged to a

sumptuous palace. Near it was the garden. In the next house we found a handsome staircase, walls painted with great taste, pavements of rich marble, and beautiful mosaics. Here is a room, where, it is supposed, they used to dine, having the dishes placed in the centre. Close to this room are some baths. Amongst the many arabesque paintings with which the walls are covered, I admired in particular the figures of Venus, Mars, Cupid, Europa with the bull, and most of all, Diana in the bath, as well as a little Bacchus of great beauty, and a peacock eating cherries, the latter of which is beautifully executed. The brilliancy of the colours must astonish all the world. You would imagine, on seeing them in any other spot, that they had been recently painted. In this part of the city I again remarked the deep ruts made by the chariot-wheels, and on turning round, saw an oil-press, an oven, and a mill for grinding corn, all of which are very worthy of attention. The oven is much the same, and the two machines differ but little from those we now make use of for like purposes. On each side of the

streets were several fountains conveniently situated. We next visited a surgical school, wherein many curious instruments were discovered. In one of the rooms of this building is an appropriate painting on the wall, of a doctor bleeding a woman. The next object was a cellar, containing a quantity of large amphoræ, now filled with cinders, instead of wine, for which they were intended. Sixteen skeletons were found at the door of this cellar. The adjoining house was a very extensive one. Two skeletons (supposed to have been those of the proprietor and his servant) were surrounded by a great quantity of gold, silver, and precious jewels. They must have been suffocated by the cinders when endeavouring to escape with the most valuable part of the property. Passing through one of the gates of the city, we arrived at a long street, without the walls, on each side of which are a number of sepulchres. On one of them are the following words: *Mamia. P. F. Sacerdoti Publicæ Locus Sepulturæ datus de Curiamm decreto.* On another are represented the combats of the gladiators, in basso-relievo.

One tomb has been left in the same state in which it was discovered. You see the urns which contained the ashes, the small lamps, and earthen jars. This monument is surmounted by an excellent basso relievo, representing a galley. Amongst the many epitaphs, is one on the tomb of a boy who died at the tender age of twelve years. It is very concise and simple, "*A Velasio grato vix Anno 12.*"

We ascended a hill, and took a view of Pompeii. The ashes were twenty-five feet deep, and the walls of the houses now standing, are about twelve high; but not more than one quarter of the city, (which is said to have been four miles in circumference) is yet uncovered. The remainder is still overwhelmed with cinders, and the surface above, planted with fruit trees. These are the principal objects which struck my attention during my frequent visits to Pompeii; but there were a thousand others which perhaps it would be tiresome to enumerate. I had been walking through a city built nearly 2000 years ago, which during the greater part of that time has continued buried under ground:

I had entered the rooms of the houses, and remarked in the shops many implements used for different professions: I had seen the villa near the town where Cicero is said to have resided: in fact, I cannot describe half what I saw or felt on this occasion; suffice it to say, that during the whole of my tour, I never experienced such sensations of pleasure in exploring the remains of antiquity.

The ruins of the ancient *Herculaneum* are under the modern Resina. During an eruption of Vesuvius, *Herculaneum* was entirely covered for a height of forty feet, with different strata of lava and cinders, about seventy years after the birth of Christ, and entirely lost for sixteen centuries! In order to see its ruins, you descend under ground by the help of torches, and pass through long and extensive passages, where the immense thickness of the walls, and solidity of the arches are astonishing. We walked round the theatre, which was of an oval form, and observed its marble seats, besides a few fresco paintings on the walls, and the pedestals where the statues stood. Most of the valuable curiosities of

Herculaneum have however been removed, and deposited in the royal museum. Here and there you meet with a pretty frieze, and a little further the following inscription : “ Claudio et Papirio consulibus Herculanenses posuere post mortem.”

Let their ashes remain untouched after a rest of 2000 years !



The building is a reconstruction of the Temple of Apollo, which was one of the most important religious structures in Herculaneum. It was dedicated to the god Apollo and was used for various religious and public functions. The temple was built in the 2nd century AD and was one of the largest and most magnificent buildings in the city. It was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 AD.

CHAPTER III.

THE wondrous scenes I am about to describe on visiting *Mount Vesuvius*, have been so justly, and so much more forcibly delineated by the immortal bard, though suggested by another mountain, that I must beg permission to recal them to the recollection of my classical readers,

———“ Sed horribilis juxta tonat *Ætna* ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla;
Attolitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit;
Interdum scopulos, avulsaque viscera montis,
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat inpo.”

VIRG. *ÆN.* 3, 571—577.

This burning mountain is on the side of Naples nearly perpendicular, and computed to be about 1500 feet high.

The notes for the following description I made on the spot, and the only recom-

recommendation I can give them, is that of their being a true statement of the principal objects which struck my attention. Having arrived at the town of Resina, which is at the foot of Vesuvius, we quitted our carriage and mounted on asses. A guide accompanied each of us, and previously to our ascending Vesuvius, we crossed a hill of moderate height, on which is a solitary habitation occupied by an old man calling himself a hermit, who had passed twenty years of his life on this sequestered spot. His dwelling is peculiarly situated, and in no danger of being destroyed by the lava. Here, therefore, he remains, notwithstanding the terrific eruptions of the mountain. Having provided ourselves with some refreshment, and written our names in the book which this modern hermit presented to us (according to the custom of all travellers who make this excursion) we again mounted our donkeys and rode for a few hundred yards, till the ascent becoming too rapid, we were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot. Before you reach the summit of Vesuvius, the ashes which cover the lava are

so heated that you cannot bear your hand on them for a moment: meat is easily fried by placing it on these ashes, or near the adjoining rock on your right, which is almost red hot. A little further on we came to a recess from whence flames in general issue forth, and where our guides toasted some bread in a few minutes. Near this warm spot persons frequently sleep, in order to witness the flames of the mountain in the gloom of night. We had been nearly an hour in arriving thus far, and found the difficulty of the ascent here ended, and that the remainder of our journey over the top of Vesuvius was nearly on a flat! Our walk had been very fatiguing, as we were sometimes up to our knees in ashes, and, having a bad footing, frequently slid back for yards together; but we now reached the lava, and proceeded with much more facility. Smoke issued forth from every part of the cinders as well as from the different rocks encrusted with sulphur. Proceeding a short distance on the flat, we saw large spots in the mountain covered with smoking sulphur of the most beautiful variety of colours. We

were now walking on one complete stratum of lava, of immense depth. Every now and then we met with large round balls of lava, very heavy, and resembling a thunderbolt. One of the guides who was in front now hollowing to us to hasten our steps, we soon arrived at the crater or mouth of the volcano, being an oval, the shortest diameter of which is about 100 fathoms. How can I describe my sensations at that moment? We were no sooner there before volumes of smoke issued forth from the bosom of the mountain; innumerable red-hot stones were hurled into the air with wonderful force; and the whole was accompanied by a dreadful crash resembling thunder. The shock was so great that the earth trembled, the fragments of red-hot lava fell on every part around me, and one struck my friend who was close by my side. He was fortunate in not receiving any material injury, as some of these fragments were more than a hundred pounds in weight. The greater part of the stones returned to the abyss from whence they came: immense pieces of lava, however, were pointed

out by our guides still in a flame; they had fallen just by me. A shower of cinders followed; I again beheld innumerable fragments of burning lava in the air. What a sight!. How terrific was the roar, how dangerous our situation, how uncertain whether some of us might not be struck by these fiery substances!. My mind was filled with religious awe and admiration at the scene before me. When these two shocks had ended, the interior of the volcano was at first enveloped with a thick smoke; but this having a little subsided, how sublime was the view of the black sombre rocks surrounding the crater, among which the contrasted colour of the smoking sulphur here and there appearing in great quantities, added much to the grandeur of the effect. The air was so strongly impregnated with sulphur, that we breathed with difficulty, and every one was obliged to keep his handkerchief to his mouth to prevent a continual state of coughing. We all descended a little way into the interior of the crater; curiosity led me on. I was full of astonish-

ment, and returning to the top, sat myself down on a rock to contemplate the sublimity around. I had been there only a few moments, when, on a sudden, another crash followed more horrible than the former. The stones rose in thousands, and some of them were of immense size. A part of the lava thrown up was black, but that which we saw more immediately in the bosom of the volcano, formed an entire sheet of fire. I continued at the brink of the precipice, and between the different shocks committed my ideas to paper; for I hold that "a few words on the spot are worth volumes of recollection." Still I doubt whether my readers will give credit to this narration, and probably I should not myself, had I not been an eye-witness of such terrific magnificence:

" Chi va lontan da la sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che già credea lontane:
Che narrandole poi, non se gli crede,
E stimato bugiardo ne rimane;
Che'l volgo sciocco non gli vuol dar fede,
Se non le vede, e tocca chiare e piane."

The roaring commenced as soon as we

arrived, and the thundering shocks were repeated every five minutes for the space of an hour, each one appearing more sonorous than the former. The clouds of smoke were gathered thick around us; and between the bellowings of the mountain there seemed a deadly pause. The eye looked with anxiety for the flash, the ear listened attentively to catch the roar; and the heart, while the internal storm was thus brewing, and the face of the mountain darkened, was violent: presently the crater was irradiated by the bursting torrent, the air was rent by terrific lightnings, and the very foundations of the mountain appeared shaken by the deafening and incessant peals, which broke like tremendous artillery around. I never found myself so deficient in language to express what I felt, saw, and heard. A shower of cinders now followed; and the wind happening to change at that moment, respiration was much more difficult than before, and we were obliged, for a short time, to leave the crater. Various writers state, that those cinders have been frequently thrown to distant parts of the globe, and that some

have even reached Egypt, and occasioned great alarm there. In mute astonishment, the longer I staid the more sublime did the scene appear; at some of the most severe crashes I was thunder-struck, and started back with horror. It is difficult to determine the depth of the abyss: from the top of the crater, when the wind carried off the smoke, we could see 200 feet into the interior. I occasionally advanced farther than the guides, but was soon obliged to retreat from the showers of stones and ashes which fell on every side. When the shocks commenced we did not know what might succeed, but remained full of silent expectation, mixed with surprise and admiration. I could not satisfy my curiosity, but climbed up the mountain to get different views of the interior of the volcano. The footing was there very bad and uncertain; and in the abyss immediately below, death seemed opening its jaws to receive any ill-fated spectator. Truly terrific was the appearance of the rocks covered with sulphur in all its variegated colours, when the clouds of smoke disappeared, and left nothing but horror.

and gloom before you. Are there words to describe the effect produced on the mind on seeing showers of fire issuing forth from the bosom of the earth, and thrown up into the air many hundred yards above you, and from an immeasurable depth below? I scarcely knew on which most to fix my attention—the fire, the roar, or the smoke. The horror of every thing around me, the dreary and sombre mountains which encompass the crater, the dark volumes of smoke issuing from it, the red hot stones, the burning lava; these, and a thousand other objects, brought a terrific picture to my imagination:—I fancied I saw before me the entrance into the infernal regions, all the horror of chaos and the kingdom of death. My mind was so impressed with such splendor, though bordering on the terrific, that I could with particular satisfaction have spent the remainder of the day at the mouth of the abyss; but we had already been there six hours, and it was now time to retreat. You see where the strata of lava have ran down the mountain into the sea during different irruptions; and also observe where the villages stood

which were overthrown; new ones are now built on the spot where the ancient formerly stood. How soon, alas, may the same cruel fate happen to them!! The lava consists of a thick fluid substance, which, when condensed by cold, becomes perfectly hard and solid. The cinders, although deep, were still buoyant, so that I descended Vesuvius with the greatest speed, sometimes travelling at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, being about one hour in the ascent, and only a quarter of that time in the descent. There is little or no danger of falling, the cinders being very fine; during the greater part of the way you meet with no sort of obstacle, and can scarcely stop yourself. The day had been delightful, and we were very fortunate in our excursion, having heard these crashes were the forerunners of an eruption, and that it was only a week since the mountain had began to be disturbed.

I must not omit to mention, that I ascended Vesuvius a second time, and made this excursion by night. We dined at the hermitage, on the cold provisions we had brought with us; and after-

wards reposed, for a few hours, on the miserable beds which this habitation affords. At 12 o'clock we were on foot, and again reached the crater of Vesuvius about half past one. The moon at this moment happened to be concealed behind the mountain; and the darkness of night being spread on every side around us, peculiarly favoured the appearance of the burning volcano. The convulsive shocks continued for an hour with very little intermission. This was the reality of awful grandeur. The stones and lava vomited from the bosom of the mountain, again rose to an enormous height, and formed entire showers of fire,

“*Ἀναβήγγουμένης ἐκ καθάρων γῆς, αὐτῇ τε γυμνέμενῃ
Τάρταρῳ.*”

LONGINUS,

“While the earth is burst asunder from its foundation, and the very depths of Tartarus are disclosed and laid bare to view.”

The *coup d'œil* was still more terrific than that which I had witnessed here on a former occasion. Daylight prevents your seeing the extent of the flame; but in the gloom of night, when the crash com-

ences, the whole mass projected from below, is brightly illumined. Man is struck dumb with wonder and surprise!! I was quietly seated on a large fragment of lava during the silence between the different bursts, when I experienced a shock of an earthquake: the earth very sensibly trembled beneath me. We returned to Naples the next morning still more delighted than we had been with our former excursion. I could never look at Vesuvius, rising on the opposite side of the bay, about 8 miles to the east of Naples, without picturing to my imagination the horrors of the eruption, which, on some future day, might bury this gay city, and all the immediate beauties, under its burning ashes, as it did Pompeii and several other towns. Thus you see, notwithstanding the many charms of this delightful city, it has likewise its disadvantages; and occasional alarms from earthquakes, cannot fail to excite anxiety in a reflecting mind. There was one slight shock during my stay there, but happily I did not feel it.

The Neapolitans are a very idle race of people, arising, in a great degree, from

NAPLES.

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the luxuriant soil and the heat of the climate. But, what is worse, the greater part of them are remarkably addicted to chicane and artifice, continually trying by every means to dupe strangers. This is the character the world gives them; and, from my own observation, I think they deserve it. If you accuse a native of any other part of Italy of endeavouring to cheat you, he immediately exclaims, "*Non c  paura, non sono Napolitano*,"—"Don't be afraid, I am not a Neapolitan." The women at Naples are in general very plain. All that animated expression of features which prevails among the fair sex in more temperate climates, fades here very quickly. An Englishman, before he leaves home, does not appreciate his native fair as he ought to do; but, after visiting foreign climes, and seeing foreign women, with what real pleasure will he anticipate the time of his once more beholding those of his own country, whose charms are so justly famed all over the world. The countenances of the Neapolitan men are remarkable for their beauty. At Rome, as I have already observed, it is quite the

contrary : the women are handsome, but the men plain and under size. The people have all dark complexions ; but that of the lower orders is almost the colour of copper. The necessaries of life are cheap in this city for the natives ; but all travellers are made to pay very dear for every thing. Notwithstanding the heat of the climate, there is but little good wine made near Naples. I understand, that in no country does the vine arrive at a higher state of perfection ; but the people, from their natural indolence, take not the least pains during the vintage, and often throw stems and other rubbish altogether into the wine-press. The vines producing the red wine, called *lacrymæ Christi*, grow in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius.

Religion here seems to be but little respected. During Lent (which is so strictly observed at Rome) the theatres are all open, and the gay world as active as at any other time of the year. Neglect of education, and laxity of morals, are more general at Naples than in any other part of Italy. The depravity of manners which usually prevails wherever the French pay their

visits, has evidently had a powerful influence here. In other cities of Italy, at least the forms and ceremonies of religion are observed, and the conduct of the inhabitants influenced by principles of religion, or from a desire to stand well with the higher authorities; but the Neapolitans, in either case, cannot be charged with duplicity, for their higher orders equally disregard the forms and the practice of all religion whatever.

The beggars here are more numerous and more annoying than in any other city in Europe: and, if you do not relieve them, they are always insolent. In the streets you are frequently attacked by these people under a curious garb. I refer to a number of miserable females, whose faces are covered with a black veil, and who absolutely will not take a refusal, but continue following you till you are at last obliged to give a trifle in order to get rid of them. They likewise fill the coffee-houses, which is a nuisance I never observed any where else. The immense number of these objects of depravity and poverty which at every moment presented themselves to my

eyes in this city, and the sturdy insolence of their manners, led me one solitary evening to the following reflections respecting mendicity in different parts of Europe.

The excessive drawbacks which every traveller must experience from his pleasures, or even comforts, on visiting the south of Europe, (let him start from the rock of Lisbon and proceed through every part of Spain, France, and Italy): the wretchedness and beggary which present themselves in every town, village, house, and even apartment, through all these christian catholic countries, can only be appreciated by those who witness such scenes. We in England become familiar to pictures of real and fictitious misery, particularly in our large towns, wherein the perseverance and industry of the actors in this profession of begging, have made no inconsiderable progress. We may, in consequence, think ourselves prepared for scenes of this description in foreign countries. If, however, an English traveller has not the feeling of philanthropy considerably blunted; and, in particular, if the benevolence of the softer sex should not be

more fortified against such appeals, than I am willing to expect, I would advise them to stay at home, or at least not deceive themselves with the expectation, that they will derive uninterrupted scenes of amusement and pleasure in their travels. In Spain and Portugal human misery and mendicancy are certainly on a more extended scale than in France or Italy; but with this difference, that in the latter countries this profession is more matured and refined than in the former, where they content themselves with quietly exhibiting disease of the most horrible description on the road side, in the corners of streets, and at the gates of inns, begging the Almighty, or some favourite saint, to inspire you with charity. Vagabond monks, disabled soldiers, and those born and educated in beggary, make no scruple to enter your apartments whilst at dinner or supper, shut the door, and, with apparent humility, persevere in their petition until it is granted. I was once in company with a young Englishman at a post town in the north of Spain, who, always having considered his house to be his castle, lost his temper, and in some

degree, his appetite, on such a visit from a friar, who came in and stood at our table during the middle of supper. My friend swore in good English, roaring for the landlord and waiter to turn out the mendicant; but to me such visits were not novel; and I always found a very small pittance got rid of the intruder. As soon as our visitor walked off, I jocosely told my companion that the *padre* on departing, said, he would call again in half an hour. This imaginary piece of insolence so increased the irritation of my friend, as completely to overset his composure as well as appetite; so that I was left without assistance in finishing the *olla*, he supplying the Attic salt, by his dissertation on bad police, beggary, thieving, and robbery!

In France and Italy the beggars possess a superior polish and perseverance; and it may be deemed, an established maxim among them, that a refusal is not an answer. At post houses and towns where you pass through, they are as regular in attendance at the door as the landlord or waiter, and place themselves in positions to catch the eye, turn which way

you will, making a monotonous buzz like a distant swarm of bees. If you shut your eyes, or the window-blinds of your carriage; you voluntarily become a kind of state prisoner, and of course are deprived of seeing the place or its inhabitants; but this will not always secure you from their importunities, for I have found it occur, that they will open the door of the carriage, and present such a countenance of real or fictitious misery, that I believe few travellers persevere in whatever resolutions they have formed under such unequal contests; at least, I know, that whoever wishes to consult his health or ease, had better not enter the lists with such opponents. In large cities, on coming out of one house, you are fairly hunted, till you get into another; the fraternity, however, appear to have this point of etiquette, that only one hunts you at a time; but before you are out of sight of the former beggar whom you have relieved, you are considered fair game for the rest of the pack. Woe be to those who go out shopping with a lady under their arm, for they have not the shadow of chance of escape! If you fly to a house,

they will remain, emblems of patience, watching your exit. They besiege you at the door, and use such ingenious appeals of flattery to excite your charity, as seldom fail of success ; but should disappointment occur, they often add insult, abuse, and threats, for having so unavailingly lost so much of their precious time. In France the national *politesse* is as remarkable in this as in every other order of society ; “ *Bon jour, charmante madame et aimable monsieur,*” (said a beggar to me, as I was one day walking in the street with a lady) “ *il y a long-tems que je n’ai pas eu l’honneur de vous voir.*” On our entering the shop of the *patissier*, she continued, “ *Je vous attend à la porte avec patience :*” we replied, “ *Il est inutile, nous n’avons rien à vous donner.*” On leaving us, the old woman added, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and apparent philosophy, “ *Allons, ça sera pour un autre jour.*” Men of talents have precedence in this as well as in all other professions ; and a decrepit body, lame leg, or a woe-begotten face, are in the same degrees of promotion, as a handsome footman is for a lady’s chariot, or a

pretty girl for an opera dancer; and the costume for the garb of misery is as correctly attended to. There is no danger in these countries of wanting a succession; they are born beggars, educated beggars, and continue beggars, from one generation to another. They live temperately, and do not run so much risk of starving, as is the case with our improvident poor in England. The catholic religion also in no small degree tends to support poverty and idleness, as thousands every day are sure of a meal of some sort or other at the doors of the convents and religious houses. These scenes of misery every day presenting themselves, have been the subject of my reflections during many a solitary evening in my different rambles through Europe. If such extensive wretchedness and poverty in different countries arise from a want of encouragement to industry, or from the neglect or oppression of the respective governments, is a subject I shall not on this occasion discuss. With all this, however, I have my doubts, whether real distress, proportionate to the number of inhabitants, does not prevail in England and

Ireland, at least as much as in the other parts of Europe. Such a fact must excite much surprise in the minds of foreigners, when they are informed that in this country provision is made for the maintenance of the poor, which is now said to amount annually to the sum of nine millions sterling!! This very circumstance may be considered one of the causes of its extending existence; thus a charity, which, when established 200 years since, proceeded from the humanity and benevolence of government, becomes, in a manner, an encouragement or premium for idleness and improvidence. We may also add to this fund the innumerable private and public establishments of hospitals, alms-houses, &c. for their relief, as well as the constant subscriptions which, in every part of the kingdom, are collected on every occasion of distress, making many millions more; and in this are not included the sums daily received, or stolen, by street beggars who go from door to door. This latter description of vagabonds practise every art which human invention is capable of, to excite the prevailing philanthropy of this country.

We have it in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that out of 400 common beggars in London, there are not above fifty who are incapable of getting a livelihood by work. But idleness is obviously a much better pursuit; as it came out also in evidence, that it is considered a bad day's work, if they do not get 2*s.* 6*d.* per day, and that others get 5*s.* 6*d.* a day, and with a lost limb, and plenty of rags, 7*s.* a day. Well known characters are obliged to change their dress two or three times a day, and they borrow infants from the poor, to excite compassion. An unhealthy child usually receives from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a day. In proof of the existence of this nefarious traffic, it was stated, on the same authority, that there are many public-houses in London for the resort of beggars, where they sup from 1 to 200 every evening. They eat no broken victuals, and their usual expenses are from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* each. Gin-shops might here be mentioned as powerfully operating to increase the disease, mendicity, and immorality of our lower

orders. From these hot-beds for depravity and misery the inhabitants of southern climates are happily free.

In Ireland, I believe the vast crowds of miserable mendicants which appear in all parts of that country, are worse clothed, worse fed, and worse housed, than in any other part of the civilized world. For this opinion we have the authority of an Irish judge, in his memorable address to a grand jury; in which he states, "I wish the Irish peasant had at least the comforts of an English sow, for an English farmer would refuse to eat the flesh of a hog, so lodged and fed as an Irish peasant is!!"

The good people of Naples are still jealous of their neighbours, the Messinians, because their city is not yet under the patronage of the Virgin Mary, who wrote a letter to them, dated "Jerusalem, 3d June," wherein she takes their city under her divine protection. The original is unfortunately lost, but a copy is still preserved in their cathedral, of which even the envious inhabitants of Naples dare not dispute the authenticity. Hence

the festival "*La Virgine della lettera*," celebrated by walking, singing, and in burning wax candles, which last ceremony, above all others, forms the essence of catholic solemnity. A strict Roman catholic longs as impatiently for the festival of St. Suaire, or St. Croix, or Sta. Veronica, as a school-boy in England does for the representation of Punch and the devil, and there is, moreover, generally as much mimicry at one farce as at the other.

There are no less than 30,000 Lazaroni at Naples, whose principal occupation seems similar to that of our porters. In this warm climate they are content with being very thinly clad, and go about without shoes or stockings. They live on a moderate degree of food, and use no spirituous liquors, sleeping all the year round in the open air, or under the porches of churches and palaces. There is among them a strong *esprit de corps*, which keeps them united in one body, and their character being that of determined resolution, makes them formidable to the government; which finds it for its interest to keep on good terms with them. They formerly la-

boured under the imputation of being addicted to assassination for hire ; if this were ever true, I am well informed it is not so at present.

The police of this city is now very admirable, (the article mendicity only excepted) so that at eleven o'clock at night the streets are nearly as quiet as those of a retired country town.

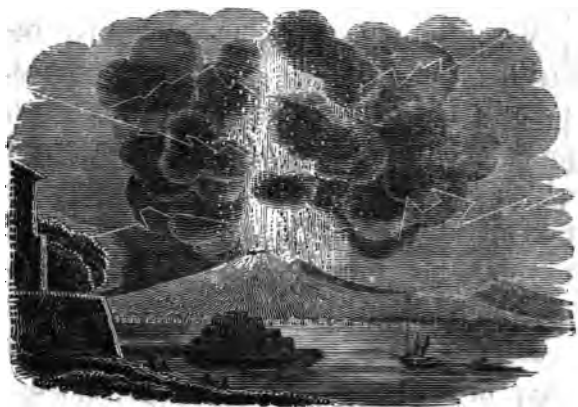
All the Neapolitans, from the highest to the lowest orders of society, are remarkably fond of macaroni. The latter live so entirely upon it, as scarcely ever to touch meat ; but you will observe the Lazaroni especially, eating it in the streets, where it is to be bought ready dressed all the day long. They reminded me of a crow devouring an earthworm, for they take hold of it with their fingers, and frequently before it reaches their mouths, you will see a whole yard of smoking macaroni in the air ! What a *bonne bouche* ! *oh che boccone* !

I occasionally here experienced the Scirocco wind, which is heated by the sands of Africa, over which it passes, and brings with it black and noxious vapours, equally

destructive of animal and vegetable life, and in no small degree injurious to the buildings which it visits.

Of the kingdom of Naples, so eminently conspicuous among all the countries of the world, for its delightful climate, for the fertility of its soil, and the grandeur of its scenes, I shall take leave, in the words of the no less beautiful and eminent poet,

“*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum.—*”



CHAPTER IV.

WE left this delightful city with regret, after a residence of near three months, during which the greater part of our time had been occupied, either in exploring the remains of antiquity, or in contemplating the beauties of nature.

We returned to Rome, and after revisiting the Pantheon, the Coliseum, St. Peter's, and many other favourite objects, proceeded towards Florence, by the road which passes through Perrugia. The first night we slept at *Nani*, near which town are the ruins of a Roman bridge, dedicated to Augustus. From the vestiges remaining, I should judge that it must have been among the most superb structures of this description in Italy. It had three arches, and the centre one was of an enormous size.

TERNI.

MERCANTILE
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From hence we went to Terni. The country from Rome, until you approach Terni, is not very striking, but it afterwards changes, and the scenery becomes beautifully romantic. You cross a chain of the Apennines, which rise abruptly from their base, and are entirely covered with verdure. Amongst the great variety of evergreens, the ilex and laurel are particularly luxuriant.

The city of Terni is of remote antiquity, and situated in a most luxuriant valley, watered by the river Nera, but the ruins of the theatre, and other antiquities, became objects of less curiosity to me, after those I had lately quitted; proceeding, therefore, towards Spoleto, the road presented, at every turn, some pleasing or romantic view. In some places the waters were seen to shine among the branches of the distant trees; in others, to glide with a noisy course between adjoining hills; and thus continued to vary their appearance, until they became almost stationary to the sight.

The cascades, (called *delle marmore*) about four miles from Terni, are consi-

dered to be among the finest in Europe. These falls of the river Evelino consist of several immense bodies of water, which, after running with the greatest impetuosity to the brink of a high rock, precipitate themselves for a distance of upwards of 300 feet, with a thundering noise, into the river Nera, the bosom of which is entirely hidden from one's sight, by the volumes of spray, like smoke, forming a thick cloud in the air. These beautiful lines of the poet seemed to describe the scene,

“ In one impetuous torrent down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round;
At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad :
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.”

The stream, now joined to the waters of the Nera, runs foaming down the valley. The mountains around are finely clothed with olive-trees and other evergreens, and the *coup d'œil* is more picturesque than language can find words to express. How contrasted are such beauties of nature to

those of art! how delightful was the scene before me! I could have rested day after day with renewed pleasure on the rocks below, dwelling on such exquisite scenery as offers itself in every direction at the falls of Terni: the impression of this spot will never depart from my memory—such a combination of beauty and sublimity I never before witnessed!

Proceeding on our journey, we halted at *Spoletto*, where there is a large aqueduct and bridge deserving of attention, a triumphal arch, called “the arch of Drusus,” and a gate named *Porta fuga*, so called from a repulse which Hannibal experienced in besieging this town.

The castle of *Spoletto* stands in a commanding situation, and in its environs a number of convents and villas are charmingly scattered about the mountains. In roads like these, it is by no means uncommon to see immense pine-trees, dislodged by the winter tempests, not only block up the path, but form bridges across the torrent, and from which roads it is hardly possible to look down without

giddiness and dread upon the depths below. In such situations, many awful and sublime studies might be made by an artist of a bold and romantic turn of mind, like a Claude Lorraine, or Salvator Rosa.

From Spoleto to Perrugia you pass through an extensive plain in a high state of cultivation, covered with corn, vines, and a variety of fruit-trees. This part of the Apennines occasionally offers most charming points of view, and the rich valleys beneath, produce in abundance, all the necessaries of life. The land is highly cultivated, and all inanimate nature flourishes—man only degenerates. The natives appear a most miserable and indolent set of people; a powerful sun, unaided by the efforts of human beings, produces all the delightful scenes we contemplate.

Near Perrugia is the lake of that name, from twenty to thirty miles in circumference. It has three islands, and its borders are beautifully covered with wood.

Perrugia, anciently called *Perugia Augusta*, from *Augustus*, who rebuilt it, is a fortified city of great antiquity, and, like many other places in this neighbourhood, finely situated on the summit of a mountain. It is one of the most considerable cities of the papal territory, with a large cathedral, university, hall of justice, and fountains, which, however, will not long occupy the traveller's attention.

The gate which you enter, on coming from *Rome*, is very ancient, and handsomely ornamented in basso relievo.

In the principal street are two small chapels, entirely painted in fresco by *Pietro Perrugino*, and his pupil *Raphael*. One of the paintings represents six *Roman philosophers*, another a like number of warriors, a third the birth of our Saviour, a fourth that of *John the Baptist*, and the last his decapitation. The amateur of the antique style will have a great treat in examining these paintings: how admirable will he find the expression of the different countenances, and what a brilliancy in all the colours!

Commanding, as this city does from its

situation, the most luxuriant and delightful scenery, it however excites an impression of gloom and dulness, from the intolerable number of churches, and convents, particularly of the latter buildings, which it contains.

In the church of St. Peter, belonging to one of these convents, are several fine paintings by Perrugino, and one by Annibale Carracci; but the best have been carried off by the rapacious enemy.

Making but a short stay at Perrugia, we reached the small town of *Arezzo*, after having left the papal territory, and entered that of Tuscany, governed by the grand duke of that province.

The country from thence to Florence is kept, by the tributary streams to the Arno, in a constant state of irrigation, becoming thereby one continued garden, rich in all the productions of the earth.

Florence, the capital of Tuscany, and the general residence of the Grand Duke, is delightfully situated on the banks of the Arno, in the vicinity of mountains contiguous to the Apennines. The fertility and abundance of the soil, and the delicious

fineness of the climate for nine months in the year, are not excelled in Europe, and give this city a decided preference to Pisa, Naples, or any other parts of Italy, for a residence. I understand, however, that from the month of October to January, during the rainy season, the exhalations from the earth are stagnant, moist, and oppressive, extremely pernicious to the inhabitants, and fatal for invalids.

There are said to be one hundred and fifty churches and seventeen public squares in this city, which, notwithstanding it has been so plundered by the invaders of Italy, still contains upwards of 75,000 inhabitants, and a great number of most interesting specimens of the fine arts, all of which (but especially that of sculpture) have long flourished here.

In the palaces you will observe the finest collections of paintings and statues, whilst the style of the buildings is rich and magnificent; although, in the latter respect, they are not to be compared with those at Genoa.

I first visited the *Pitti Palace*, which is the residence of the sovereign, and has

truly a most majestic appearance. This palace, both from its immense extent and the beauty of its architecture, is one of the finest in Italy. It is entirely of stone, of the rustic order, and supported by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars. Its interior is superbly furnished with a profusion of tables and other ornaments, made of exquisite mosaic, for which Florence has been long celebrated. It is composed of agates, lapis lazula, crystal, jasper, and other precious stones, which dazzle the eyes of the spectator, from their superior richness and splendor. The Pitti palace encloses a valuable collection of statues and paintings: amongst the latter, that of the Virgin and infant Jesus is the best, and considered to be almost the *chef d'œuvre* of the immortal Carlo Dolce. What angelic features, what tender affection are expressed in the countenance of the mother, and what sweet innocence in that of the child!! The hair of the former is platted in elegant tresses, and a black veil carelessly thrown over her bosom. I also noticed, with much interest, many of the finest productions of Rubens, Titian, and Guido.

Contiguous to the palace is the garden Boboli, of considerable extent and elevation. The surprising luxuriance of the cypress, the ilex, and a variety of other trees and shrubs, affords a delightful shade during the summer; and the numerous fountains, ornamented with statues, and so much the taste in this country, produce an agreeable freshness in the atmosphere.

I will now endeavour to describe the gallery of Florence, which was built by the Grand Duke Cosmo I., in 1564, and is at least 500 feet long; and, for its collection of paintings and statues, ranks amongst the first in Europe. The subject is a very extensive one, and the task not easy. I intend, therefore, merely to describe the principal objects, and omit the minor ones, as being too numerous to come within the compass of my work, which, as I said before, is not intended to be a guide to the different galleries. They have assembled the most precious part of this noble collection in a circular room, called the Tribunal. During the time I was at Florence, it had been robbed of that unique piece of

sculpture, the Venus de Medicis : but, by the skill of the great Canova, another Venus has taken her place, which it is my duty to describe. It is preferred by many to the first statues of antiquity. The features are sweet, delicate, and charming: the drapery hangs with peculiar elegance, and, after covering the right side, leaves the left, and the greater part of the bosom, open to the view. Her body bends a little forward, and she is heedlessly looking round. This attitude seems to indicate surprise, but her mouth, with an enchanting smile,

“ Con un riso

Da far innamorar un uom' selvaggio,

convinces us that she is pleased at being admired. What beauty in her countenance ! what symmetry in every limb ! The legs and feet, especially, are cast in nature's finest mould. The whole is modesty itself, and cannot but be admired, even by the most cynical observer.

Next comes the Fawn, dancing ; a specimen of the best age of ancient sculpture. He is entirely naked ; in all his limbs there

is the greatest harmony, combined with wonderful animation. It is attributed to Praxiteles, without, however, any certain proof. He is playing on a kind of cymbal, and gaiety is marked in every feature. How truly natural is this expression! how happy he seems to be! His laughter is nature itself. The fawn pleased me more than any other specimen of Grecian statuary I had ever seen: it is animated marble!

The Rotator (whetter) is another celebrated statue. He has got, in his left hand, a knife, which is resting on a stone; his body is also naked, and he is leaning forward—in fact his head is turned round, so that his attention is neither directed to his occupation of sharpening the knife, or to the stone. All his features indicate the utmost vacaney of mind. Degraded nature and the uncultivated understanding of a labouring slave, are strongly delineated in every line of his countenance. The little Apollo is deemed to be one of the most valuable antique statues in existence. That of the Apollo Belvidere (says a celebrated artist) offers the perfect idea of the

sublime style ; and that of the little Apollo at Florence, of gracefulness and beauty : it is certainly the most exquisite model of elegance. Notwithstanding we are looking at marble, the skin appears soft and delicate ; his position and the exactness of the design are inexpressible. The head is very handsome, and the appearance of the whole most captivating : it is of Parian marble. The Wrestlers are a still more famous group. How finely force as well as the swelling of every muscle are here delineated ! The conqueror seems to be asking applause for the victory which he has obtained ; whilst the vanquished, pressed by the vigorous arm, and the weight of his victorious adversary's body, is looking on the ground with a sorrowful eye, and shewing, by the convulsive movements of his face, his rage mixed with despair. The precision and intelligence in the anatomy of the whole of this group are really wonderful. These Grecian statues are some of the most precious remains of antiquity to be found in Italy, or elsewhere ; and no one can behold them without experiencing a most lively sensation of

surprise and admiration. The collection of paintings in the Tribunal is worthy of being kept in the same room with these *chef d'œuvres* of sculpture. There are several by Raphael, as well as by all the other first masters. You here observe the progress of the great Raphael's style. One of his paintings represents the Virgin, with a book in her hand, and the infant Jesus playing with St. John; and another, still finer, the Virgin sitting down, with the infant embracing her. What simplicity and innocence do you remark in the face of the latter! what love, what motherly affection in that of the Virgin! and, with all these beauties combined, how interesting is the subject!! In the picture by Leonardo da Vinci, of Herodias receiving the head of John the Baptist, you will observe a true representation of nature. The man who is holding the head, streaming with blood, seems absolutely speaking. Two Venuses, by Titian.—The best, offers to your view a lovely woman, with a branch of flowers in her hand, whose look is full of the tender passion. I never before saw, on canvas, a more enchanting female

figure. The beauty of her features, the love expressed in her glance, the charm of her attitude, (for she is gently reclining on a couch) are truly seductive. In this painting the artist is said to have paid his wife the compliment of making her personate a naked Venus. St. Peter, by Carlo Dolce; what an expression of anguish is there in that face! how natural are those tears which really appear rolling down his cheeks! St. John in the desert, by Raphael, in which the excellence and spirit of the colouring attracts the attention at first sight. A Bacchanal, by Rubens. Old Silenus in the corner is quite overcome by wine; Cupid is detaining Adonis much against his will, whilst the Graces are discovering Venus to him. Envy, in the meantime, is teasing Adonis, and some little loves, dancing around, complete the interesting picture.

This collection of paintings is immense both in size and value. It would take some weeks to examine with attention such treasures from all the different schools of painting, both ancient and modern.

One room contains the famous Herma-

phrodite, an antique statue of white marble, recumbent on a lion's skin. It has the face and neck of a woman. I must only observe that the attitude and countenance of this statue are most interesting, and the formation of the male and female body, symmetry itself; but a description of so monstrous a being, would excite more disgust than pleasure. In the same room is a basso relievo of a traveller resting on his staff; he seems quite exhausted with fatigue, the poor man can walk no farther. It really excites involuntary feelings of sympathy and humanity. I must not omit to mention the Magdalene, by C. Dolce, which I looked at for half an hour, without being able to fix my eyes on any other object. How lovely is this Magdalene, how angelic her countenance, how enchanting her eyes, how beautiful her long auburn hair! She is holding an alabaster box, and at the same time looking up to heaven full of admiration at the Deity. What peculiar softness and harmony do we always find in the style of this excellent master!

The last painting in this room to notice, is a ridiculous caricature of a monkey on a man's head. I need not say what he is about, but merely, that with the greatest gravity of countenance, he is very intent on his interesting occupation. The man is laughing heartily at the whimsical idea, and the painting is by Annibale Carracci.

The principal gallery contains such a collection of the works of the most eminent masters, and such a variety of subjects, that were I even to confine myself to the description of those only which merit particular attention, I should tire my readers. In this gallery, as well as in most others, it may not be easy to decide, if feelings of pleasure, or wounded modesty, are most predominant, in contemplating many of the subjects. One of those to which the attention of the visitor is here directed, is a painting of the marriage couch. The bride is expressing the sweetest smile to the object of her affection; and the mother and nurse are whispering encouragement mixed with pity, at the timidity of their beautiful darling. But how

can we so well describe this painting as in Scott's third Canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, which introduces a bride,

" Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
The gallant bridegroom by her side
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer."

There is a wonderful expression in all their faces, and the painting describes in striking colours a true picture of life.

Another room, adjoining to the gallery, is called the theatre of Niobe, because it contains the tragic scene of the unhappy family of Niobe. This celebrated group is composed of sixteen Grecian statues which represent the father, mother, and children, all in the deepest distress. The mother is without doubt the finest, and is considered to be an exquisite specimen of ancient sculpture. The drapery is excellent, and the expression of the countenance sublime. What grief, what cutting anguish are here depicted! You really feel for her misfortunes; the youngest daughter is taking

refuge in the arms of her mother, who in her turn, endeavours to cover the little innocent with her long robe. The rest of the children are escaping in various ways, and in each face, distress of mind is beautifully shewn. These statues are larger than life, and represent Niobe and her children in the expectation of immediate death, from the arrows of Diana. The best judges are of opinion, that this group furnishes the finest specimen of simplicity and sublimity combined that has ever been produced. It is generally attributed to Praxiteles, though some confer that honour on Scopas. At the two ends of this elegant room are two paintings, by Rubens; the one, of the battle of Ypres, and the other, of the entrance of Henry IV. into Paris, both of which are executed with the greatest spirit.

Amongst the statues in bronze, that of Mercury, by John of Bologna, first engages the attention. The god is truly in the air. What suavity in his figure, what beauty in his expression!! This is a piece of workmanship universally admired. The idea is extremely bold. Mercury

is coming out of the mouth of Boreas, the north wind. How elegant, how full of symmetry is his figure; one hand is lifted towards heaven. This bronze statue is about four feet high, and allowed to be one of the finest in existence. Here also is a copy of the excellent group of *Laocoon*, and a most enchanting *Venus*, who is bending forward, and appears greatly alarmed at the idea of being seen in a state of nudity!

I also noticed a statue of *Cupid*, who, in a most extraordinary position, seems to be threatening the gods; his look is deep, and designing. A half figure of *Brutus*, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti, which, although in an unfinished state, is nevertheless most wonderfully expressive. What an admirable work would this have been, had not the artist unfortunately abandoned the undertaking which he had so happily commenced. Underneath it are these lines—

“*M. Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore ducit,
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit.*”

We next saw a *Silenus* (in basso relieve)

quite intoxicated. In the moment of falling asleep, he is making a vain effort to lift the goblet to his lips.

You will also remark here a collection, consisting of some hundred busts of the Roman emperors, and the philosophers of ancient days, some of which are of great merit, as likewise a variety of antique utensils in bronze, used for the purpose of torture.

I shall not expatiate any further on this subject, as it would fill volumes to describe all the different objects which this fine gallery contains.

Let the admirer of the fine arts also visit the Corsini palace, where he will see a painting, representing Poetry, by C. Dolce; in which simplicity, loveliness, and modesty, are all combined. She is crowned with laurel. What language can express the noble *contour* of her face, or the angelic expression of her eyes!! If the artist has committed any fault, it has been in painting her more beautiful than any production nature ever made. This is one of the best works of Carlo Dolce, which I gazed on in silent admiration.

for some time. In the "*Ecc Homo*," by the same artist, anguish is beautifully shewn, and the drops of blood are most natural. His St. Sebastian is likewise excellent, although not equal to the picture of Poetry. The style of Carlo Dolce may be more easily distinguished, than that of perhaps any other artist, from its peculiar softness and expression, as well as from the richness of colouring and true nature of its design.

I also observed a capital small painting, by Albano, the subject of which is very interesting. Four little loves are dancing together in an enchanting valley, which borders on a meandering stream. Old Silenus is the musician, and the sportive throng about him have gaiety and mirth, marked in every countenance. One of them is lying on the ground, and the rest in vain beckoning to him to join their party.

The Ricardi palace (which was the first habitation of the family of the Medici) is most superb. The ceiling of the principal room is painted by Jordano. The subject

is the different ages of man, as well as his virtues, and vices. This painting is of immense extent, and great attention is required to understand the meaning of the various groups which are introduced. The subject is instructive, and its execution has been performed in a masterly manner.

In the academy of the fine arts, amongst the paintings is a descent from the cross, by Perrugino, and an assumption by the same artist, in which the portrait of his pupil Raphael (who afterwards excelled his master) is introduced. The last I shall mention in this collection, represents the oration in the garden. The disciples are all asleep. You are surprised at the perfection to which the imitation of nature has been brought. Amongst the many good paintings here, there are several which are considered to be the oldest in existence. It is pleasing to remark the progress of the science.

The art of producing mosaic in Florence, in point of richness and perfection, is carried to a greater degree of excellence than it is at Rome, where it appears more

cultivated as an object of commerce in the inferior orders of ornament, in rings, broaches, snuff-boxes, &c.; but in the former place we see such a combination of shades from precious stones of all descriptions, comprehended in the productions of this laborious work, that it is not in my power to convey an adequate idea of its perfection and beauty. As it may not be uninteresting to my readers to have some information on this art, so little known among us, I copy the following particulars from a respectable French author on the subject.

“ The pictures in mosaic made at Florence, which have arrived at so high a state of perfection, are of great value, as much from the richness of the materials employed, as from the length of time required to complete them. The most precious marbles, agates, granates, sardonyx, coral, mother of pearl, lapis lazuli, jasper, emerald, and topaz, form a part in the composition of these curious productions. These materials, though very precious, cost much less than the wages of the

artists. As they imitate as closely as possible the different shades of painting, it is necessary to divide the composition, which is extremely hard, into the smallest parts. This is done by strength of arm, and requires considerable time to be employed about it. The workmen must have discernment sufficient not to waste any of the materials, and likewise must manage with precision the little saw with which the stones are divided. This occupation is so tedious, and requires such intense application, that few workmen are sufficiently strong to bear it many years following. They have always before them the coloured design of the work which is to be executed, and select the composition according to the different colours. The principal workman has, placed on an inclined plane, a large piece of brown stone, more compact and heavier than slate. This stone is covered with a thick mastic, on which he places the different fragments of precious stones which are to be employed. In order for these fragments to adhere properly, and unite well together, they

ought to be of a height consisting of at least seven or eight lines ; sometimes they are still higher. The thinner they are, the longer they must be. Only imagine the quantity of touches necessary to paint a curl of hair, a face, a flower, a fruit, or a cloud, and one may form some idea of the multitude of different pieces of stone necessary to be employed to represent the various objects, many of which are delineated with much correctness. When the work is completed, they polish it, and render the whole as united and smooth as a plate of glass, an operation which requires the greatest care. This polish is given with a kind of emery or very fine sand, which is in a small degree moistened. The workman employed in this part of the work must be accustomed to it, and possess some intelligence. He occasionally washes different parts, to see if the production underneath the polishing iron has become united and brilliant. You must learn what you can of this curious art by examining the workmen. You question them to no purpose about their secret, they only answer, ' see, and learn if you can'."

The cathedral at Florence, called *Santa Maria del Fiore*, is an edifice of such immense bulk, that it almost appears like a great mountain of marble. It is one of the largest in this country. The architecture of the octagon cupola is very fine, and was the work of Felippe Brunelleschini. They tell you, that when Michael Angelo left Florence for Rome in order to build the dome of St. Peter's, he addressed that of Florence and exclaimed, "Adieu, my friend! I am about to erect your resemblance, but not your equal." This was a proof of that great man's modesty, for we all know that the cupola of St. Peter's is much superior to that of the cathedral at Florence. The interior of this temple contains nothing very deserving of attention, the whole being gloomy and dark. The exterior would have been very handsome, but remains in an unfinished state. It is ornamented with statues, and entirely cased with slabs of marble of various colours.

The tower or steeple, which is isolated, and stands near the cathedral, is covered with various coloured marble: it is near

300 feet high, and must be admired by every one for the lightness and elegance of its architecture, and the taste of its ornaments. This edifice has the advantage of being entirely finished, which, (as I have before observed) the cathedral has not.

The baptistery is an octagonal building, with its dome cased with polished marble. It is eminent for its bronze gates, which are probably the handsomest in the world. The immortal Buonarotti used to say, that they were worthy of being placed at the entrance into Paradise. On them are represented various parts of Scriptural history; but what delicacy, what nature do you observe in the formation of every figure! Lorenzo Ghiberti executed this admirable work. The people of Florence have good reason to pride themselves in the possession of these gates. They certainly may be considered a *chef d'œuvre* of the art, and are surmounted by three fine bronze figures of John the baptist, and two other persons. I remarked in the interior the large columns of granite, as well as the ancient mosaic which covers the ceiling.

In the church of Santa Croce is a monument erected to the memory of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, surmounted by his bust and three crowns, with this inscription,

"Terminis tollit honoribus."

Underneath, his bones are deposited. On the tomb are three marble statues, of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, in which he so greatly excelled, executed by his scholars, in each of which you will find a great deal of the master's skill. There is much delicacy about their figures, and their necks and bosoms are inimitably fine. The adjoining tomb is that of Alfieri, by Canova; by the side of which is an enormous statue, representing Italy weeping at the loss she had sustained.

The sacristy of the church of St. Lorenzo contains two celebrated statues, personating Day and Night, by Buonarrotti. On contemplating the latter, you can almost fancy you see before you a delicate and unveiled female, overcome with sleep. These statues, although unfinished, are universally admired. The following lines were made on that of the night,

“ *La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci alti
 Dormir fu da un Angelo scolpita
 In questo sasso ; é per che dormé ha vita :
 Destá la se no 'l crede ; é parlara ti.* ”

To which M. Angelo is said to have replied, for his statue,

“ *Grato mi e il sonno, e piu l'esser di sasso
 Mentre ché il danno, e la vergogna dura.
 Non veder, non sentir, mi é gran ventura :
 Pero non mi destar : deh ! parla basso.* ”

The royal chapel belonging to St. Lorenzo, if it had been finished, would, from the peculiar richness and variety of its marbles, perhaps have been superior to any other in Europe. It is octagonal, and was commenced in 1664 by the family of the Medici. The walls are covered with the mosaic of Florence. The eyes of man are dazzled in beholding this profusion of oriental agates, lapis lazuli, mother of pearl, jasper, and other precious stones, extending all around the interior, a distance of nearly 100 feet, and surmounted by noble mausoleums of gilded bronze. I never saw such a combination of magnificence in a chapel before.

Having so far exceeded my intentions in describing the inexhaustible collections of paintings, which in every part of Italy become in a manner the indispensable food for the mind, it may be acceptable to readers, who have not made much progress in this art, to be informed of the distinction between the different schools of painting, which are so sapiently rehearsed by every *Cicerone* who conducts you through the numerous galleries in Italy.

These technical, or scientific distinctions, are divided into five schools, namely, the Roman, the Florentine, the Lombard, the Venetian, and the Flemish.

Of the first and greatest, the most eminent artist is Raphael; and this school is celebrated for uncommon beauty of composition, and correctness of design and expression.

Leonardo da Vinci and M. A. Buonarrotti may be considered the leaders of the Florentine school, which excels in the magnificent sublimity of expression, and boldness of design.

Correggio stands at the head of the Lombard school, and taught Guido, the

Caracci, Albano, Schidone, and several other admirable artists, of whose works Italy is full.

Titian and Paulo Veronese were the ornaments of the Venetian school, and peculiar for their strict and faithful imitation of nature, their exquisite delicacy of touch, and beauty of colouring. Tintoretto and Bassano were likewise of this school.

Of the Flemish school I need only mention Rubens and Vandyke: the former excels in allegorical representations, and in history; he is also remarkable for his admirable colouring, which never appears to lose its freshness: the latter stands unequalled for the beauty and nature of his portraits.

I wish I could describe, as it deserves, the famous cabinet of natural history at Florence, which is renowned all over Italy. The treasures of this collection fill a vast suite of rooms. It is impossible to give an idea of the elegance, order, and distribution of these apartments. Every thing is fully and clearly exposed to view, and calls forth your attention. The anatomy of the

human body is represented in wax, in a style the most satisfactory and instructive. This composition of wax is so admirable, that it is to be hoped it will last for ages. Different specimens of every part of the human frame are here to be seen, each one being kept with the greatest care and nicety, in a glass case. The wax is either white, red, or some other colour, according to the part which it is meant to represent. How correct, how strictly adherent to nature, is not only every limb, but every bone, vein, artery, and muscle, from the largest to the smallest! A work of the greatest patience, and minutest investigation!! You first see the bodies of men and women entire, and afterwards divided into all the various parts of which they consist. I was interested with every thing I saw. How useful, how advantageous to the rising generation, is such an establishment as this! What a fine school for anatomy, what a vast field of useful information is here open to the whole world! Where does the supreme wisdom of the Almighty appear more manifest

than in the formation of the human frame? It has been justly observed, that anatomy supplies more striking evidence of the existence of a Deity, than even astronomy. Another part of this excellent establishment contains a representation of the progress of the infant in the womb, together with a variety of difficult cases in the obstetric art.

I likewise visited the botanical garden belonging to this institution, and, amongst other curious shrubs, observed the coffee-tree, which was about six feet in height. This tree, being in a hot-house, produced very fine fruit. The leaf somewhat resembles that of the lemon-tree.

The river Arno, (whose depth is here very inconsiderable,) running through the city, divides it into two unequal parts. The communication is made by four stone bridges, which form a fine perspective from each other. One of these bridges, called Ponte della Trinita, is built of marble, with three elliptical arches, and is not surpassed for beauty of structure by any other I have ever seen. The private and

public buildings are elegant, the streets of a good breadth, and well paved.

This city, justly named La Bella, (the Fair,) is certainly one of the finest in Italy; and there is an air of gaiety and cheerfulness about it, which renders it a desirable residence for foreigners; who settle here in vast numbers. After the dignified quietness of Rome, the contrast at Florence is very striking, the activity being considerable.

In the square of the grand duke (or court of the old palace) is a superb fountain, ornamented by an immense marble statue of Neptune, with a number of well executed sea nymphs and tritons in bronze. Here the traveller will likewise admire a work of Giovanni di Bologna in marble, representing a Roman carrying off a Sabine. His look is full of savage resolution, and his form athletic: he is holding in the air a delicate and beautiful female; in whose countenance the most acute anguish is finely expressed, whilst an old man, her father, (almost broken hearted) is hanging to his feet, entreating that the young woman

might be saved. This group is so natural, and so exquisitely finished, that I frequently contemplated it with inexpressible satisfaction. I also remarked an admirable statue of David by M. Angelo, and another of Judith, with the head of Holophernes, by Donatelli, and Perseus in bronze, by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. This last statue is of a very spirited and noble execution. In the centre of this square is an equestrian statue of Cosmo I. by Giovanni di Bologna.

On the banks of the Arno is a very fine promenade, well arranged for pedestrians as well as carriages, and composed of a number of luxuriant avenues, which are bounded by rich meadows and cheerful evergreens. This promenade, which leads to a country house of the grand duke's, called Cascini, is not probably surpassed for beauty in Italy; and every afternoon (but especially on a holiday) the scene is very gay, as all the nobility and gentry of Florence resort here in their gaily equipages, after the broiling heat of the sun has subsided, to enjoy the welcome breezes from the river.

There are a number of excellent inns in this city, where you live well, and at a moderate expense, two circumstances which are seldom to be met with united, in Italy. We were at one of the principal hotels; and our individual expenses, for three of the best meals as well as beds it afforded, only amounted to about ten shillings a day, without including two shillings for our servant. This is a remarkable instance of cheapness in this country, as in all the other cities we paid an exorbitant price for every thing.

The red Florentine wine is certainly the most exquisite of any I had tasted, although the article is produced in every part of the country, except in the higher ground of the Apennines.

One morning I ascended a high tower, to take a view of the surrounding country, and was exceedingly gratified. The environs of Florence are universally admired for their peculiar beauties. You have the greatest variety of scenery. On one side of the river is a rich plain, and on the other, hills covered with foliage. The villas are scattered around the city in most

enviable situations, and in such numbers, that the whole produces a vivacity and cheerfulness seldom found out of England. It requires a much abler pen than mine to describe this picturesque and romantic landscape, the fertility and luxuriance of which can rarely be equalled. All nature smiled: this beautiful garden was covered with every species of fruit-tree in blossom, watered by copious springs; and the country houses, appearing between hill and dale, greatly increased these rural beauties. This is truly a little paradise on earth; and I am surprised that all the ancient poets did not fix the Elysian fields on so favoured a spot. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of these delightful environs:

“ But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?”

“ If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? Ah, where find words
Ting’d with so many colours?”

The swallows, and with them the summer, had already arrived. The warmth of

the weather at the end of March and the beginning of April was greater than that which we experience in England, in the month of July. The heat, as we walked about the streets in the middle of the day, even at this season of the year, was oppressive.

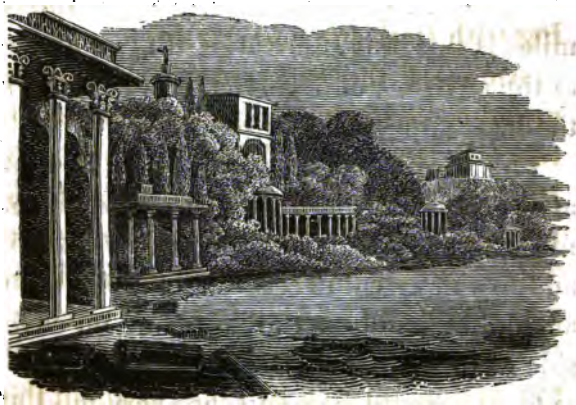
The people here (like the Spaniards and Portuguese) take their *siesta* after dinner, and come out again towards evening with fresh life and spirits.

Amongst the different palaces of the grand duke in the neighbourhood of Florence is that of the Villa, or *Poggio Imperiale*, to which you arrive by a double avenue of trees, nearly a mile in length. This building is at present uninhabited, and appears to be greatly out of repair.

Vallambrosa, so finely described by Milton, and mentioned by Pope, is about thirteen miles from Florence. Here are an abbey and a college, in a situation wild and beautiful. What these two great poets could not, in my opinion, competently describe, I shall not attempt.

We arrived at Florence in the middle of March 1815, and left it suddenly the latter

end of April. All the English had already followed the example of the grand duke and his nobility in taking their departure, as the Neapolitan army was at the gates, and entered this city on the day we quitted it.



CHAPTER V.

WE now went to *Bologna*, a distance of sixty-four miles.

The country from Florence for thirty miles is fine, but afterwards, till you arrive at the environs of Bologna, scarcely offers the least appearance of vegetation.

This ancient and beautiful city is situated on the northern border of the Apennines, and is about two miles in length, and five in circumference, and built with arcades of handsome architecture on each side of its principal streets. The inhabitants, one would imagine, are very fond of arcades, for they have one three miles in length (though some writers call it five miles), extending from the gate of the city, to the church of La Madonna di San Luca, on the summit of a high mountain. This portico consists of 700 arcades, at most of which are placed the arms and names of

the private persons, as well as societies, who assisted in the construction of this immense work. They might, in my opinion, have employed their money to much greater advantage.

The institute or academy is a noble building, admirably arranged for the study and preservation of the different branches of literature, and contains a valuable collection of books and manuscripts.

The beauty of Bologna is much enriched by a number of superb palaces and handsome squares. In the middle of one of the latter, and opposite the town-hall (Il Palazzo Pubblico) is the beautiful fountain constructed by Antonio Lupi, and ornamented with statues, by Giovanni di Bologna. On the top is a bronze Neptune of heroic stature, and at the angles are four children, holding dolphins, which spout water into reservoirs, in the form of shells, and covered with fine marble.

There are two towers here, supposed to have been built as watch-towers, and called the *Asinelli*, and *Garisenda*. The latter is scarcely fifty yards high, but leans twelve feet out of the perpendi-

cular. Bologna contains a cathedral, with nearly two hundred other churches, and, after Rome, formerly possessed a finer collection of paintings than any other place in Italy; but the best were all carried off by the invaders. The celebrated school of the Caracci was held in this city, where the art of painting was consequently brought to the highest state of perfection.

I lamented the occurrence of the military possession of the city prevented my visiting Il Palazzo Publico, and more particularly the different schools of the university, the cabinet of natural history, and the school of anatomy, which have been long held in such high reputation.

Bologna is surnamed *la grassa*, (the fat) possibly from the richness of the country around it, or, we may as well say, from its being famous for the fat sausages which are so esteemed by all *bon vivants*. These sausages taste so strongly of garlick, that none but an Italian palate can relish them.

The environs of this city are most charming. In the midst of the finest vegetation you see beautiful villas scattered on every side, and surrounded by vines, chestnut,

walnut, and other fruit-trees, in the greatest profusion. We were now in the month of March. The face of nature was most interesting, and the landscape around Bologna strikingly beautiful. These were the present head-quarters of the Neapolitan army, and king Joachin was now here. The Austrians were not far in advance, and the direct road to Venice, in consequence of hostilities having commenced between these two powers, was now no longer open. We were, therefore, obliged, as a *derniere ressource*, to make a retrograde movement, go to Ancona, (a distance of 150 miles) and take our chance of embarking from thence for Venice.

We slept the first night at a small town called *Rimini*, situated on the sea-coast. I have before remarked, that the lower classes of women in Italy are, for the most part, extremely plain and swarthy. I was, however, pleased on finding here, at the miserable inn where we were lodged, an exception to this general rule. The daughter of the landlord (a girl about fifteen) had almost as sweet a countenance

as Guido ever painted. Her figure was somewhat inferior to her face, but in this respect almost all the Italians, in my opinion, are deficient. This pretty little *ragazza* amused me whilst I was eating my supper with the *naiveté* of her conversation, which was perfectly natural to her. She was a flower, which, if transported into a better soil, and nourished with care, might challenge admiration; in the words of Ariosto, she was

“Bella di modi, e bella di presenza

Era ancor sul fiorir di primavera

Sua tenerella, e quasi acerba etade.”

On entering Rimini, we passed under an elegant triumphal arch, formerly dedicated to Augustus, and observed a bridge of the same antiquity. In the church of St. Petronii is a painting, the beauties of which must, in a moment, be conspicuous to the eyes of every person who is not entirely devoid of taste. The subject is the marriage of the Virgin Mary, and the artist Guercino da Cento. What gravity is there in the countenance of the

high priest, what sweet modesty and loveliness in that of the Virgin, and what expression in that of Joseph, who is in the act of putting the wedding-ring on Mary's finger.

The country between Bologna and Ancona has nothing remarkable about it. We arrived at the latter town on the 12th, having quitted the former the 8th of April.

Ancona is the principal seaport in the papal possessions. It stands on the declivity of a hill, and is of considerable size, but all its streets are dirty and narrow, with badly built houses. The mole is a very fine one, and the harbour most convenient. This town is well fortified both by nature and art. They tell you that it will be rendered impregnable, when the citadel, now building, shall be finished. Ancona is of vast antiquity, but only one solitary wreck of ancient magnificence is now remaining. I refer to the triumphal arch on the mole, erected 1700 years since, by the emperor Trajan. It is peculiar, from being entirely of white marble, whereas the generality of these buildings are of common stone. Probably in no other

instance are the blocks of such enormous size. The Corinthian pillars supporting it are most elegant, as well as the various ornaments, which, being tolerably well preserved, form together a very handsome edifice. At the end of the new mole is a modern triumphal arch of fine architecture, and built of stone.

I took a walk to the summit of the hill (on the declivity of which Ancona stands) to see the Jews burial ground, containing a vast number of tombs, exactly resembling in shape our English mile-stones, and covered with Hebrew inscriptions. The Jews form a great part of the population of this town.

After halting here only two days, we hired a miserable vessel (feluca) and embarked for *Venice*, together with some friends whom we accidentally happened to meet. The wind being favourable, our hardships were happily of short duration. We reached Venice after a good passage of only twenty-four hours, and I was not a little thankful once more to arrive on terra firma.

Venice may be styled an amphibious

kind of city; built on piles amongst the numerous streams, which coming down from the Alps, discharge themselves into the Adriatic, and form these kind of sand banks. The traveller on entering Venice is not a little struck with the novelty of the scene around him; it is so perfectly different from any thing he has ever seen before; he is astonished on finding innumerable canals, running in every direction all over the city, and covered with gondolas, a species of long and narrow boat, which I shall afterwards describe. Another thing very remarkable, is the great quietness which pervades Venice, notwithstanding the concourse of people in the streets. This is easily accounted for, as there is not a single carriage or horse to be seen, you have none of that noise, bustle, and confusion, which one meets with in every other city. The streets are (with scarcely any exceptions) only from four to six feet in breadth. In many there is no more than room sufficient for two fat persons to pass, consequently the houses are gloomy, and almost leaning against each other.

The principal canal is more than 100 feet broad, and divides Venice into two parts, nearly equal, being in the shape of a reversed ω , whilst all the rest (400 in number) will admit of three gondolas going abreast, and over them are built several hundred small stone bridges. Many of the shops are on the quays, which run along the sides of some of these canals. Where there are no quays, the gondolas arrive close to the houses, and land merchandize and all the necessaries of life. Each gondola is about five feet broad, and twenty long, and has a small room in its centre, six feet long, and five broad, with two sliding windows by the sides, and one behind; and the whole is covered both in the exterior and interior with black cloth, which gave me very much the idea of a coffin, it being altogether of a most gloomy appearance. The interior is, however, commodious, and capable of holding four persons, two on a cushion at the further end, where you may sit comfortably enough, and two on the seats on each side, which, however, are very inconvenient. When the windows are shut, and

the curtain, or door, closed at the entrance, (which appeared generally to be the case) the persons within are entirely concealed, so that you see little or nothing of the fair sex during their excursions, either to pay their visits in the morning or to repair to the theatres at night. The gondolas have a long and sharp prow, at the top of which is a flat piece of iron, acting as a kind of defence. Each public gondola has generally two gondoliers, but the higher orders of the Venetians keep private gondolas, which are conducted by servants in livery; in every canal, however, the stranger can hire one for about a shilling an hour, and on paying an extra trifle, may travel through the water with uncommon ease and velocity. Their number is greater than that of the hackney coaches in London. There is a peculiar character belonging to the gondoliers; they are a hardy and active set of men, and pique themselves on their honesty, secrecy, and dexterity in guiding their gondolas. They frequently challenge each other, and go at an amazing rate. It never happens that they run against one another, or that any accident occurs, to

prevent which they have a by-word on turning the corners of the canals. Most of these men have an excellent ear for music. I had great curiosity to make a trial of their powers, and was frequently much gratified on hearing two of them sing the favourite Venetian air of "*La Biondina in Gondoledda*." On one occasion I was conducted by an old hoary-headed gondolier and his son, who immediately complied with the request I made them to sing me a song. The voice of the latter was delightful, and though uncultivated, he had wonderful taste, whilst his venerable father formed a most correct second. Their voices harmonized so finely, the little *abbellimenti* (or graces) they introduced were so soft and exquisitely performed; and the pleasing effect so increased on the water, that I made them repeat their duet, which was more agreeable to my ear than many of the difficult bravura songs I had heard at the theatres, and I left them fully convinced that they deserve the credit the world has given them, of having an innate taste for music. Indeed it is well known that the Venetians, in this respect,

excel most other Italians; and that nothing can exceed the perfection to which they have brought this delightful science. The little simple Venetian *canzonette* are universally admired for originality and simplicity, and breathe the sweetest harmony and expression imaginable.

It is absolutely necessary for the traveller, unless he intends making a long stay in this city, to move about occasionally by means of the conveyance I have just been describing. If he at first attempts to walk alone, he will be quite lost in a labyrinth on his entering the narrow streets, and endeavouring to find the bridges, and continually arrive at a place where there is no thoroughfare. In England we inform the pedestrian of this, by a notice on the adjoining wall; but in this city, in which there are six divisions, and all the streets are numbered, the public are not so civil. I, however, am not fond of travelling in these gondolas, notwithstanding their motion is so easy, as I found that the vapour rising from the water (which has little or no current, and receives all the filth of the city) was unpleasant, and liable

to give a person who is not accustomed to it a constant headache.

This city does not contain, at present, so many objects of the fine arts to detain the curious observer as I had expected. After once the novelty of the thing is over, the appearance of so much water, the uncommon narrowness of the streets, and, in my opinion, the unwholesomeness of the air (especially in the houses, the chambers of which are very close and small), become disagreeable to him; his eye occasionally wants the relief of trees and green fields; and, if he be inclined to contemplation, he will regret the loss of a country walk, and all that luxuriant and romantic *paysage* which he meets with in most other parts of Italy. In short, he will find a great sameness and monotony about Venice, after his curiosity has been gratified as far as concerns the singularity of its situation; and will determine, in his own mind, that it is not a city where he would wish to reside for any considerable time. There would be some difference, to be sure, if he entered much into society; and, according to report, there was in general a great deal

going forward at Venice: but I, undoubtedly, saw it at an unfavourable moment. The people had almost all been ruined; and, naturally enough, their spirits were greatly depressed. The inhabitants of this city deserve one's commiseration, perhaps, more than those of any other in Italy. Their government was once a republic, which had acquired the respect and honour of other nations by its policy and wisdom (that it was internally a tyrannical and cruel oligarchy there is no doubt); but, alas! the rapacious French invaded their territory, robbed them, not only of their doge; but of all their riches; and, not content with thus debasing the unfortunate Venetians, gave them over to a foreign power which they dislike, and appropriated to themselves all the wealth of their capital!! How can an Englishman (who is not entirely devoid of feeling) contemplate the ravages which have been committed on other powers, the state of poverty (I had almost said slavery) to which they have been reduced, without experiencing the most lively sensations of commiseration, and thanking the Al-

mighty that he has been born under a free and independent government. The nobles and principal inhabitants appeared to me to have sunk into gloomy despondency and retirement. Many former travellers have dwelt on the splendor, the luxury, the amusements and dissipation at Venice; for my part I saw nothing of them: it is true I was not there at the period of the Carnival, the Ascension, or other periods of grand gala; but, where power and property are gone, the human mind, I should conceive, would dwell on few amusements beyond those of brooding over their misfortunes, and the recollection of what they have lost.

The only square to be noticed at Venice is that of St. Mark, which is exceedingly handsome. The houses are of stone, and built with great uniformity, and the fine colonnades surrounding the square (which is 280 feet long, and 100 broad) render it one of the first in Europe. The many splendid shops and coffee-houses you here find under a grand portico, with open arcades running round the piazza, give the whole a magnificent appearance. The

architecture is noble : on one side are columns of the Tuscan order, whilst those on another, are Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The frize and basso relievos on the façades are well executed, and the open space in the interior, paved with large and convenient flag stones. Here the loungers of Venice meet : this is the general resort of all idlers ; and in one of the squares of the ducal palace, the merchants hold their exchange. The large building, called the Steeple of St. Mark (more than 300 feet high, and 40 broad), is situated at one end. The grandest view I enjoyed of Venice was from the top of this steeple, to which you ascend by a staircase in the interior. At the northern extremity is the façade of the cathedral church of St. Mark, a striking object in this open situation, and surmounted by five cupolas. - The exterior of this square edifice of Grecian style of architecture is grand, but, at the same time, gloomy in its general appearance, as well as in the interior, where you will observe only the wreck of its former splendor ; namely, a variety of ancient pillars ; several ornaments in bronze ; specimens of mosaic,

some of which cover the cupolas ; a beautiful marble pavement ; as well as statues of great antiquity, but no particular beauty in their execution. The bronze doors are likewise embellished with basso relievos. This church formerly contained great riches in gold, silver, and precious stones, with also innumerable relics, which, by all good Catholics, were considered of still greater value. I did not inquire whether any of these relics were still here, well knowing that I, at all events, should not be permitted to see them. On a balustrade on the outside of the cathedral, before a large window, stood, on pedestals, the four celebrated horses of gilded bronze, which, it is well known, the usurpers carried to Paris, as well as almost every other object, either valuable or curious, found in this city when the French entered it *comme des amis* (as they made the poor inhabitants believe) not with any hostile intentions. I am happy to find these horses (on the possession of which the Venetians prided themselves so highly) have been, by the late treaty, reinstated in their former situation.

Saint Mark is the great patron of Venice. They pretend that his body was brought over there from Asia, but, by some unfortunate event, afterwards lost or stolen. The people, piously inclined, however, are still of opinion that it remains in some part of the city, even to the present day, although they are unacquainted with the spot.

The square I have been describing, as well as its immediate neighbourhood, are ornamented with two fine granite columns, and a flying lion of bronze, and other figures, emblematical of St. Mark.

Adjoining to the cathedral, and in front of the port, is the immense Ducal Palace (of a magnificent style of architecture, somewhat resembling the Gothic) in which the Doge resided, and which, from the profusion of marble that has been used, and from its general exterior appearance, is almost unequalled in Italy. The façade, inlaid with mosaic, as well as the porticos and marble columns which surround it, and the eight doors, are all on a grand scale. Amongst the different statues I observed, before we visited the interior, were

two immense ones of our first parents, ornamenting the splendid marble staircase. The interior is of vast size, containing numerous galleries, apartments where the councils formerly assembled, and offices for other public purposes. Little now remains in this palace (which has been built some hundred years) deserving of attention, except the grand council chamber. The paintings on the walls are all of them good; and the immense work, by Tintoretto, representing Paradise, is extremely curious, from the great number of figures which are introduced without any confusion. Here you also find some antique statues: those of Jupiter and Ganymede (supposed to be by Phidias) are universally admired, and very deservedly so; as is, likewise, the group of Jupiter and Leda, which, although equally beautiful in the execution, is rather immodest in the design. I also remarked, with satisfaction, two gladiators, wounded, and in the act of falling: they are full of expression, and their attitude strongly resembles nature.

Opposite to this palace was the state prison: the communication to it was

formed by a small bridge, over which was a private passage. Many an unfortunate man has passed with a heavy heart over this bridge, which was properly denominated "*Il Ponte dei Sospiri*," — "The Bridge of Sighs." The Public Library, as well as the Mint, are likewise in this neighbourhood, and close to the port. The Inquisition (that tribunal, the idea of which makes all the civilized part of mankind shudder) once raged at Venice in all its horrors, but now it is happily abolished, and the building destroyed where its secret sittings were held.

To the east of the city is the Arsenal, which was once very famous. It is inclosed to the extent of more than two miles, and surrounded by large canals, containing, within its walls, founderies, forges, armories, victualling-offices, and every requisite for the marine department. It was the pride of Venice, but has likewise been dismantled; and the traveller cannot now walk round the interior without feeling sensations of pity, on observing the grand works, in which once some thousand persons were actively employed, now in a

state of torpor. The ropewalk here is a very fine one, being a thousand feet in length. The two immense marble lions before the arsenal, which appear to be guarding the entrance by the land side, were brought from Athens: they struck me as being only remarkable for their size. The arsenal was formerly surrounded by a strong military force, to withstand any sudden attack.

There are several palaces as well as churches at Venice, in the architecture of which Scamozzi, Sansovino, and Palladio, have displayed their uncommon genius. Many of the palaces, so remarkable for external beauty, are situated on the sides of the principal canal, and built either of marble or stone, standing on solid piles, which are very durable. There is never a deficiency of water in the canals, notwithstanding every tide rises and falls nearly two feet.

The Cathedral does not contain so much to attract attention as the church of St. Swithin, which is the most ancient of any at Venice. The many tombs of the doges here are very striking: but the most re-

markable object is a statue of a female figure, contemplating death. She appears reading a book, on which the head of Death is represented ; she is smiling, and looking at the grim tyrant with apathy : her position is most natural, and the whole work greatly to be admired. The miracles of St. Dominic are likewise represented on large tablets of bronze.

In one of the chapels belonging to the church of St. John and St. Paul (an edifice of Gothic architecture) are some basso relievos, by Bonazza and his sons, the subjects of which represent the birth of our Saviour, the presentation of the Virgin into the Temple, as well as her marriage, and the adoration of the three kings. These noble specimens of the fine arts are each of one block ; every feature is full of expression ; every basso rilievo seems a *chef d'œuvre* : they are by far the best I ever saw. First, playful infancy ; then the Grecian head, with the noble figure of youth ; and, afterwards, the wrinkles of decrepit old age, are shewn in a manner which merits universal admiration. I remarked few objects at Venice which

pleased me more than these basso-relievos. They appear, however, to have been little noticed by travellers.

The church of the Carmelites contains a profusion of rich marbles, of lapis lazuli, and verde antique, of statues and columns, all of the greatest magnificence. The execution of the different statues is excellent: amongst them is one of Sta. Teresa in holy ecstasy, with an angel appearing to her in a dream, by Bernini, which, though fine, is not equal to the one by the same artist at Rome, which I have already described. The exterior, as well as interior, of this edifice, are entirely of marble (principally African); the architecture is also very handsome, and the church, altogether, one of the grandest in Venice.

At the top of the sacristy belonging to the church of Sta. Maria della Salute (which is situated on the borders of the principal canal) are three excellent paintings, by Titian, all of great merit. The subject of the first is the murder of Cain; that of the second the decapitation of Goliath; and another scriptural piece. At the principal altar of this church is a group of statues;

the subject of which is very interesting:— Venice, in the figure of a pleasing female, is on her knees, thanking the Virgin for the cessation of the plague, which, in the shape of a monster, is running away on the opposite side.

Many of the palaces contain collections of paintings: I shall, however, only describe those in the Marrini Palace, which was the principal one I visited. The best work here is a Descent from the Cross, by Titian. How admirably is death expressed in the countenance of our Saviour! his blood has ceased to flow, his skin is parched and dry. The Virgin is contemplating the scene in silent anguish. Another painting represents Vanity. You see a woman, in a pretty *deshabille*, curling and ornamenting her hair, with a man behind her holding Death's head in his hand, so that she sees in the mirror, not only her own face, but that of Death likewise. A Descent from the Cross, by Raphael. No one can contemplate this painting without dropping a tear of sympathy. The Virgin, half dead, is supported by her attendants; and the Magdalen, mounted on the ladder,

is assisting in taking down the body of Christ. How truly affecting is such a picture ! The separation of Venus and Adonis. How well has the artist described in their countenances what lovers feel on parting, how full of affection is that last look ! This collection, though small, is one of the best I have met with. All the paintings here are by celebrated masters, namely, by Raphael, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Rubens, Palma, and Bassano. There are few of the inferior ones which you so often remark in other collections. I have already observed, that many of the palaces are handsome, but the generality of the houses are far from being so ; they are old, inconvenient, and of a miserable appearance, which is greatly increased by the uncommon narrowness of the streets. The inns, I understand, are all bad, and the one I was at I found particularly close and uncomfortable.

The *coup d'œil* of the numerous gondolas gliding on the surface of the principal canal at all hours of the day, is very amusing. The bridge of the Rialto consists of one immense arch, 90 feet wide on

the level of the canal, and 24 feet high. It has a light and elegant appearance; but what strikes the stranger with surprise, is to observe two rows of shops under marble porticos, dividing its surface into three narrow streets. There is a convenient staircase on each side of the arcade in the centre, and this elegant and solid bridge was completed in 1591.

Another singularity about Venice, which I must not omit to mention, is its port and harbour, almost covered by a number of islands, some of which are near to the city, and others a few miles distant, whilst the whole are separated from it by large channels. On one of the islands, opposite the ducal palace, is situated the handsome church of San Giorgio Maggiore, equally striking for external, as well as internal beauties, and built by Palladio. There were formerly various convents, which have happily been abolished, and good houses erected in their place. Six or seven of these islands are of tolerable size, and contain several fine churches. The appearance of this *toute ensemble* from the city is extremely curious.

You see ships close to the quay, and the islands, some way off, with rows of trees, which seem to be growing in the middle of the sea. The harbour, in many parts, is very shallow, and the frequent sand-banks must, I should imagine, render it dangerous.

The dialect spoken at Venice is very harsh and unpleasant to the ear, after the sonorous sounds you have been accustomed to at Rome and Sienna.

The theatres here are not sufficiently remarkable to deserve a separate description.

The two provinces called the Paduano and the Polesino, in the environs and territory of Venice, are highly cultivated, and afford a plentiful supply of all the luxuries of life. The water, however, in this city, is abominably bad.

It is said to have been a long custom of the Venetians not to invite strangers to join in the intercourse of their society, and they were at this moment so dejected, and their finances had been so drained, that they were obliged to continue their old habit, whether they felt so inclined or not.

The women at Venice, like those at Genoa, have the character of being of easy virtue; and from what I could judge, whilst I resided there, I am inclined to think they deserve it. During my rambles about Venice, I was frequently accosted by old men, representing themselves to belong to nobility, dressed in thread-bare velvet, earnestly soliciting charity, but always watching the opportunity to do it, when they were not perceived by passengers. There was very little activity now at Venice; it was once a place of considerable commerce, but they have at present only the remembrance of such a time left. It was formerly a flourishing city, but is now reduced almost to nothingness. There is such a sombre and melancholy gloom about every thing, that I was not sorry to quit it, after a visit of six weeks. On taking leave of this city, I shall not detain my reader by long reflections on the extensive power and foreign possessions, for which this republic was formerly so eminent in the world; as they are all well known to every reader of history. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Having first sent our carriage to the other side, we ourselves embarked from Venice, and passing by one of the islands, observed a horse grazing, which, to a person coming from that city, is quite a novelty. I do not believe Venice contains a single animal of that species; at all events, during my residence, I did not see one. I have already observed, this is not a city where the traveller would like to reside long, and have also stated my reasons for such an observation; but Venice must appear widely different to most Italians, who, like the Spaniards, have no taste whatever for the charms of the country. If they happen to live a few miles distant from a town, the garden or grounds belonging to their villas are uninteresting to the admirer of rural beauties. Nature invariably is disfigured, the walks are all in a straight line, the trees trimmed in the most artificial and grotesque shapes, and indeed this is almost the sole occupation of the gardener. The Italian calls this a pleasing retreat, but, in fact, his habits are such, that he is not fit to live out of the bustle of a town, and is unhappy unless he spends

some hours every day at the promenade, coffee-house, and billiard-table, or in his *bella donna's* society. He likewise appears to be quite a stranger to the sports of the field, and to be entirely dependent on the town for amusement.



CHAPTER VI.

LEAVING Venice without regret, we arrived at *Padua*, a distance of nine leagues. This is a large city, with a decayed population, and said to be of greater antiquity than Rome itself. It struck me as being very gloomy. The church of St. Antonio is a large and ancient building of Gothic architecture, and contains some admirable alto-relievos of fine marble, which deserve the most minute attention. They represent the miracles of St. Antonio, and are executed by Sansovini, and other celebrated artists. There are several magnificent tombs likewise in this church. St. Antonio is the great patron of Padua. They tell you, that in a mausoleum at one of the altars, the bones of that saint are preserved, and in another, his tongue!! The *sacristano* (keeper of the church) gave us a long account of the wonders St. Antonio had performed. It is melancholy to observe the

bigotry of the lower orders of the Italians. Is it not impious to imagine that saints (one of which each town in Italy appropriates to itself) have performed miracles, by raising people from the dead, and healing the sick, which protestants conceive our Saviour and his immediate disciples have alone had the power of doing? One cannot but pity such ignorance; but it is, perhaps, the policy of a government entirely in the hands of the priests, to keep the common people in this state of degradation. In the sacristy of the cathedral, (which is in the centre of the city) you will observe a most excellent painting of the Virgin and Infant, by Titian. The cathedral itself is an immense pile of building, without any peculiar beauty. In the church of St. Justina (a fine marble edifice in the modern part of Padua) are some good basso relievos in wood, executed by Richard, a Frenchman, and representing the life of St. Paul. The stalls of the canons, by the same artist, are likewise well executed. There are several good paintings in this church, which is the finest in Padua, and you will also remark a group

of statues of the descent from the cross, by Parrodió, a Genoese. This is really admirable. The coldness of death expressed in the face of Christ, the anguish in that of the Virgin, the tears rolling down her cheeks, are most natural, and must affect the feelings of the spectator. The altars are prettily ornamented with mosaic of Florence, and the pavement is of rich marble. This church was planned by the celebrated Palladio, and built by Andrea Riccio.

Padua is situated in a plentiful rich country, and watered by the two rivers; Bachiglione and Brenta. In most of its streets are arcades, as at Turin and Bologna. At one end of a large hall in this city (formerly the court of justice) is a monument erected to the memory of the celebrated historian, Livy. The roof of this edifice is curious, in not being supported by a single pillar, and the size of the hall is said to surpass that of the one at Westminster. The university here was once celebrated through all Europe. It was said to boast of twelve colleges, sixty professors, and 16000 students; but such

is the mutability in human affairs, that it now does not exceed 300. It is an extensive handsome pile, the inner court being surrounded by two galleries, one over the other; but in visiting the palace, and the numerous halls, once occupied by the most learned doctors, delivering their orations to their admiring scholars, and now witnessing the gloomy silence which prevails in these deserted apartments, only melancholy reflections can be excited. I returned home to my dinner, where I met with a bottle of the classical wine called Petrarch, after the immortal poet, who had a villa about seven miles distant from hence, and on the estate said formerly to have belonged to him, this excellent white wine is made. In the cathedral you will see a portrait of Petrarch, who was a canon of that church.

Vicenza is about eighteen miles distant from Padua, and the road passes through a cultivated and rich country, with many fertile rivulets, and we observed, as we approached the city, considerable plantations of mulberry trees. Here the famous architect Palladio was born, in the sixteenth

century, and here you will find many specimens of his excellent taste. The Olympic theatre built by him merits a particular examination, as it gives you as correct an idea as possible of the ancient theatres of the Romans, of which it is an imitation, and very much resembles one of those in the ruins of Pompeii. It is in the form of an oval, one half is allotted for the stage, and the other for the audience, whilst the orchestra is by the sides. The seats for the spectators rise out of the pit for a considerable height, and are surmounted by the elegant boxes, which are highly ornamented. On particular occasions plays are acted in this theatre, which is capable of containing 1500 persons.

Several palaces in this town, erected by Palladio, are remarkable for the beauty of their architecture. These edifices are splendid, where he has confined himself to the imitation of the elegant and modest Doric and Ionic orders, but the misfortune is, that he and other modern artists are fond of mingling all the different ancient orders together, and thus destroy the beauty of the whole. Arcades are likewise

common at Vicenza, and one in particular conducts to a church at a considerable distance, situated on the summit of a mountain. It reminded me of the extraordinary one at Bologna, already described. Vicenza is situated in an extensive plain, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, consisting of rich corn fields, and a variety of fruit trees. The many neat villas greatly increase the beauty of the landscape; one especially pleased me more than any other I had seen on the continent, and was built by Palladio, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. War has ruined all the nobility of Vicenza, and it is painful to observe this fine villa now fast mouldering to decay. From its circular form it is called the *rotunda*, and contains eight rooms on each floor, from every one of which the view of the surrounding country appears like a continued garden. I understand one of our nobility has built a castle in England after the model of this villa.

Here is a silk manufactory of stockings and other articles of dress.

We made an easy day's journey of only twenty miles over a rich plain, and arrived

at *Verona*. This is a large and very cheerful city, upwards of six miles in circumference, situated on the river Adige, whose waters running through it, spread plenty and richness on every side. Over this river are four large stone bridges, but the principal object which attracts the traveller's attention is the amphitheatre, celebrated all over Italy as being more perfect in the interior than any other edifice of the kind now remaining, whilst the whole of the exterior is extremely dilapidated, and entirely destitute of all ornament. I was highly gratified with this amphitheatre, which, although so inferior in magnificence as well as size to the Coliseum at Rome, is so much better preserved, that on beholding it, you have as correct an idea as possible, of the nature of these buildings in the time of the ancient Romans. The whole of the interior has been fitted up anew with the original blocks of stone, placed in their former situation. The seats for the people extend all round the arena, (which is 218 feet long and 130 broad) and not being divided from each other, resemble so many marble

steps, which as you ascend increase in breadth, and are very convenient for admitting an immense number of persons. There are forty-five rows of these seats, and the edifice (which is about seventy feet high) we were informed, now occasionally contains more than 20,000 people. We remarked two fine entrances to this amphitheatre, as well as the passages through which the wild beasts were conducted. It is interesting to reflect, that we here see the inside of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, almost in its perfect state. The terrific grandeur of the contending gladiators, and of the chariot race, it is true, were left to the imagination, but from the present building, the mind is capable of judging what a noble object it must have been to see the amphitheatre filled with spectators. How different is the arena now, from what it was formerly! Instead of beholding the bloody combat where wild beasts were opposed to men, you now find a great part of the arena occupied by a miserable playhouse, where a company of strolling actors represent

farces in broad daylight, to which performance the *billet d'entrée* costs one penny! This amphitheatre is likewise the scene of the madness of the carnival. Antiquarians differ as to the time when this structure was built, and also attribute its building to various architects. From its top you have an extensive view of the Rhetian Alps. The country around Verona, although flat, is very fertile, and particularly productive of mulberry trees, which are cultivated in this territory in great abundance, for the nourishment of silkworms. This city has many spacious and well paved streets, several squares, an old Gothic cathedral, and a number of churches; and the houses are generally good. It likewise contains several public and private museums, which enclose a large collection of monuments of antiquity, and was the birthplace of Pliny the elder, and several other literary characters. There are also here the remains of three triumphal arches, and an antique bridge is curious, from its having only one arch, which is said to be larger than that of the Rialto at Venice.

On leaving Verona we proceeded to a small village on the borders of the Lake of Garda, and having sent our carriage to the opposite point by land, we ourselves made an excursion on the water. The day was fine, and hiring a miserable kind of boat, we rowed over the greater part of the lake, and after a voyage of about 20 miles, landed at Desensano, a town standing agreeably on its borders. I had heard much of the scenery of this lake, but was somewhat disappointed. It is wild and bold, but not picturesque, being bounded on one side by the Alps, at the base of which some vegetation appears, whilst their snowy summits rise abruptly and are soon lost in the clouds. This perspective is sublime, and nature is seen in her roughest garb. On each side of Desensano the country changes and becomes more pleasing, the sides of the lake being clothed with various shrubs, among which the mulberry tree is very luxuriant. There is not, in my opinion, sufficient wood to make this scenery very interesting, or sufficient towns or villas scattered about to add

the charm of variety, and form an agreeable landscape ; but the mountains give a magnificence to this highly finished picture of nature, which must gratify every traveller who visits them, although such scenes will not cause those sensations of rapture in his heart, which are sometimes produced on his contemplating the more enchanting beauties of the valleys. The water of this lake is in some parts of immense depth, and so particularly clear, that the whole has the appearance of a rock of crystal. We passed near a small peninsula, and remarked the ruins of a building called the Grotto of Catullus, who is said to have been much delighted with his residence on this retired spot. This lake is very subject to storms, and still exactly the same as Virgil represents it to have been in his days,

“*Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, * Benace marino.*”

It is still considered to be the most dangerous of any in this country, as squalls,

* *Lacus Benacus* was the ancient name of the Lake of Garda.

proceeding from the mountains, are frequent. On the day we crossed it a contrary wind produced a considerable surf, and the whole had much the appearance of the sea. The inn at Desensano is situated at the very edge of the lake, and the view of the immense glassy surface before it, extending 35 miles in length, (from Peschiera to its extremity, in the Alps) is extremely beautiful. We landed and took an early dinner on excellent fish, which this lake abundantly supplies, and afterwards proceeded 20 miles to *Brescia*, a flourishing city, situated on the river *Garza*, and about four miles in circumference. The distance from *Verona* to *Brescia* is about 40 miles. On approaching the latter city, there are a number of charming villas. Vegetation was in its greatest luxuriance, and accompanied by all the agreeable attendants of spring; whilst the country on each side of the road appeared most delightful.

The principal commerce in this city, and the country around, is in silk. In this manufactory they have brought ma-

chinery to great perfection, and it is assisted by the numerous rivulets and streams with which the country abounds. In the cathedral and other churches, as well as in many private houses, are some fine paintings by the best masters. In the church of St. Afra (the Brescian saint) is one by Titian, which must enrapture every amateur. The subject is that of the woman taken in adultery. In her countenance repentance is finely expressed; she is lovely indeed; a loose garment leaves a part of her snowy bosom uncovered, over which her hair hangs in tresses; meekness is well marked in our Saviour, and gravity in the face of the high priest. The colouring of this painting is most lively. It is one of the best works of Titian I have met with. When the French entered this city, its inhabitants were allowed to keep this painting on paying a considerable sum of money.

We proceeded about 30 miles to *Bergamo*, where the language is said to be more corruptly spoken than in any other part of Italy, and on the morrow travelling

20 miles further, through the same rich plain, we reached *Milan*, after a journey of 180 miles from Venice. The country, during the whole way, is well watered, and said to be particularly luxuriant in rice; whilst the noble ridge of the Alps, which separates Italy from Germany, offers to the view a landscape full of grandeur and sublimity. The high road from Venice to Milan is commodious, and kept in a good state of repair.

Milan, situated in a plain twelve miles from the Alps, surpasses in size any other city in this country, Rome excepted. It is of a circular form, and near ten miles in circumference, including the suburbs; and its population is computed at 140,000 souls. Many of the streets in this city are broad, and paved in a peculiar but excellent manner. Two rows of large flag stones are placed at the distance of about three feet from each other, merely for the carriage wheels to roll on, which, in consequence, go much easier, and without making that noise which is such a universal nuisance in other cities. There is nothing hand-

some about the general appearance of the houses here; a few palaces alone are of good architecture. The churches of Milan (with the exception of the cathedral) are not remarkable for their beauty. There are, however, some which every traveller should visit, and respecting which I shall afterwards say a few words. As a primary object, I mean to speak of the cathedral, which the Italians consider as one of the greatest wonders in existence; and which is, without doubt, the finest as well as the largest temple in this country, after St. Peter's. It is of the most elegant and light Gothic architecture of which we can possibly form an idea; and, if finished, would certainly be superior to any thing of the kind in the world: but such an event will probably never take place. It was begun three centuries ago; for more than half that time the work was suspended, and not again resumed till within these few years. The active mind of Napoleon formed the idea of continuing the arduous undertaking; but now again it is carried on but slowly:

in fact, scarcely a third part of this stupendous edifice is yet finished ; and, on contemplating its different sides, it is melancholy to observe one, as yet scarcely begun, and another, falling to decay. But what astonishes the traveller most, is to consider that this immense fabric, 490 feet in length, nearly 300 in breadth, and 400 in height, to the top of the tower, (according to a late calculation,) is entirely of fine white marble. I need not, therefore, remark on the enormous expense of such a work, for this idea must occur to every one, but will endeavour to describe the impression it made on my mind when I ascended to the summit. You find all those parts of the roof and sides which are complete, covered from the top to the bottom, with innumerable statues, resembling an army of saints and martyrs more than any thing else. These statues (all of which are said to be well executed) are standing in niches, or on pinnacles, which rise into the air in a most majestic manner, and are ornamented with wonderful taste—a work of uncommon labour and perseverance. These ornaments, although not so correct with Gothic archi-

itecture, are unique and elegant, but, I fear, will only be the objects of universal admiration for a few years, instead of withstanding the siege of ages, as those of the Roman edifices have done. The airy pinnacles, and slender statues, of more modern erection, appeared to me, from their lofty exposure, to be already getting out of repair ; and I am greatly afraid even a gentle shock of an earthquake, nay, a violent wind alone, would soon crumble many of them into dust. The *coup d'œil* of the façade which has been finished is most magnificent. A person scarcely knows how sufficiently to express his admiration of the beautiful object before him. There is an obelisk, or tower, most singularly situated, being erected over the dome. Its appearance is more curious than beautiful. The whole of the exterior of this church is most imposing ; it rises with such elegance, with such an air of lightness, that, whether you take it as a whole, or in separate parts and admire the excellence of the sculpture in basso relievo, you, in both cases, must allow it to be very highly finished ; and, although there is too great an abundance of orna-

ments, still they have a most splendid appearance. The principal entrance is embellished with beautiful basso relievos, after the Grecian style. I was disappointed with the interior, although likewise entirely of marble; its unfinished state, and the smallness of its windows, give it a gloomy and unpleasant appearance; yet there are several objects which must naturally engage the attention as you enter, namely, the immense extent of the interior, divided into three naves, its marble pavement, the colossal size of the 160 marble columns, nearly 100 feet high, which support it, and the Gothic architecture, dark in the interior, sublime in the exterior. The principal cupola is supported by immense arches, besides which there are five other cupolas. Upon the whole, I should certainly say that a traveller will seldom see a building in any part of Europe, which, in external beauty, is equal to this cathedral. In a subterraneous chapel underneath, is the splendid coffin which contains the remains of St. Carlo Borromeo. There were formerly great

treasures inclosed in the sacristy, but the principal part have been removed; and I could not gain permission to see those few which are said still to remain. The cathedral is in a fine open situation, in the centre of the city, with a large square before it; but the streets in this neighbourhood are narrow and irregular.

There is no city in Italy which Napoleon has embellished so much as Milan, as he made it the general depot for his troops on this side of the Alps, after having completed the admirable road over the Simplon mountain. He has improved the public institutions, built several very handsome gates, and made some of the finest roads in existence, which lead to all the different parts of the country. They are indebted to him for the numerous agreeable promenades in the environs, which all the Milanese so delight in, and to which they repair in such crowds every evening, both in their carriages and on foot, producing a gayer scene than I have witnessed in any other part of Italy, with the exception of Naples; as likewise for

having in some degree, spared their city, whilst he ransacked every other in this country. For all these favours bestowed on them by their late *Imperatore e Re*, these people show their gratitude (according to report) by still remaining attached to him and his cause, for which reason Milan was now filled with a strong Austrian force to keep the inhabitants in subjection. Although an inland city, formerly a considerable commerce was carried on here; but at the present moment every thing was dull and inanimate.

The principal theatre at Milan is, *I Reali*, the largest in Italy, but very inferior to the late one at Naples in the splendour of its interior. It contains about 180 boxes in five circles. All the higher orders of the Milanese have their private boxes; and a foreigner is much surprised on finding that they amuse themselves by giving conversations, or by playing cards in them, instead of attending to the performance, whilst they are entirely concealed from the public view, by means of a large curtain. The music at this theatre is always

as bad as it was the evening on which I attended, I think such parties would be a necessary resource, in case the gentry of Milan were *obliged* regularly to be present at every miserable performance of that kind. During the whole of my travels I have never observed a more ridiculous custom than this.

I afterwards went to see the progress of the modern antique built by Buonaparte, in imitation of the Roman amphitheatre. The façade of this building is handsome, and composed of granite pillars. The arena is of an oval shape, and surrounded by a low wall. It would have been a fine work had it been finished: the architecture is good; and all the stones are of colossal size, as if directed for posterity, to which address, however, it will probably never arrive. Water runs round it, and overflows the whole, when required to form a *naumachia*: nay, these *splendid fetes* have already taken place in the year 1813, in presence of the *ci-devant* emperor. The games were solemnized in the arena; and, on another occasion, the

boat races were exhibited at the naumachia. In the adjoining building you now see the wreck of the pasteboard helmets, crowns, and ornaments of the charioteers, and the chariots likewise, in shape of the ancient *bigæ*. Even a Roman of the present day, would have been disgusted at so miserable a pantomime, meant to represent the magnificent games of his ancestors, at so paltry an effort of this modern Cæsar; but the Milanese were amused, and therefore bore their chains without uttering a complaint! Before the amphitheatre is an immense plain, denominated the *Champ de Mars*; on one side of which a triumphal arch was commenced in honour of Napoleon's having gained a victory in that neighbourhood. This arch is about half finished, and constructed of huge blocks of fine white marble, brought from Como. Its style of architecture is elegant, as well as its ornaments; and the whole was to have been crowned by a statue of the emperor in a car drawn by six horses, all of bronze.

The celebrated painting of the Last

Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, is situated in a neglected hall, formerly belonging to a convent of the Dominicans. It is now fast mouldering to decay; and, in a few years, there will be no further remains left of one of the finest fresco paintings in the world. The colours are quite faded; but what meekness do you remark in our Saviour! what expression in the countenance of each apostle! The dishes, the bread, and the wine, are all admirably executed; and the whole work is full of harmony. Not only the rain, but the sacrilegious hands of the French soldiery, have contributed to the destruction of this *chef d'œuvre*. They used to fire at it, and (according to the account of a modern author,) made the head of Christ their principal mark!! I am unwilling to believe that human nature has arrived at such a state of depravity.

The church of St. Ambrosio, or the Basilica Ambrosiana, is the most ancient at Milan. The wood-work of the stalls, and the mosaic over the principal altar, are of great antiquity. This altar, covered with

gold, silver, and pearls, is kept in a wooden case, and only opened on particular occasions. We heard that seven different times did the invaders intend taking these treasures away, which, however, by some good management, were preserved. Underneath lies the body of St. Ambrosio.

The church of St. Lorenzo is of singular architecture, and of an octagonal form. In front of this church are twelve antique Corinthian pillars, which belonged to a temple dedicated to Hercules. They are in a bad state of preservation, but give one an idea of the former splendour of these Pagan edifices.

In front of the church of St. Celso are two statues of Adam and Eve, by a Florentine artist, and executed in a superior manner. The figure of Eve especially is lovely, and, in my opinion, would better represent the goddess of beauty. The interior contains many other fine statues by modern artists.

In the church of St. Alexandro the chief altar is composed of the most costly materials. Its exterior is entirely inlaid

with the greatest variety of precious stones, which, from their size and brilliancy, must be of immense value. This rich altar is said to be the present of some penitent, for crimes committed. If this be a fact, it should seem that he must have been at least a *great* sinner!

In the archduke's palace, which is magnificently furnished, the ceiling of one of the rooms is well painted by Abbiani. The subject is remarkable. It represents Napoleon supported by four victories, and each of the twenty-four hours bringing him a crown. The ball-room in this palace is also on the grandest scale.

The public hospital here is of great extent, contains upwards of 1000 persons, and is considered to be one of the finest in Europe. The frieze on its façade is very handsome. We also visited the observatory, and from its summit had a good view of the surrounding country.

In the manufactory of mosaic at Milan they were taking a copy of the famous painting of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. This work was ordered by Na-

palace. It has already employed five years, and it will not be completed for twelve months. What a trial of patience is required for such a laborious occupation!

The tables, chimney-pieces, and ornaments of various kinds here for sale, are most splendid, and worked in precious stones, as well as the richest marbles. Their price, however, is enormous. The manufactories of mosaic at Rome and Florence are certainly much superior to that of Milan.

The Ambrosian library here was founded by the family of Borromeo. I heard that it contains nearly 60,000 volumes and manuscripts. I observed here a painting of the Magdalene, by Leonardo da Vinci. She has a very pleasing smile in her countenance, and her dark hair hangs in ringlets over her shoulders. The flight into Egypt, by Bassano, is also excellent.

Amongst the paintings at the Academy of the Fine Arts, there is one by Albano, executed with his usual taste. A crowd of Loves are dancing around a tree, whilst

others, seated on the branches, are playing various instruments. The Last Supper by Rubens. How striking is the expression of every countenance!! An immense painting, by Paul of Verona, representing a supper given by Pope Gregory, in which our Saviour is introduced as one of the pilgrims to whom the feast was given. What presumption! How impious is such an idea!! One of the best works here is the Marriage of the Virgin, by Rubens. Joseph is putting the wedding ring on Mary's finger, sweet modesty is marked in her countenance; and the colouring of this painting is most brilliant. Another celebrated painting in this collection is one by Guido, the subject of which is the Interview of St. Peter and St. Paul. The former is seated, and the latter in the act of speaking: his position is very natural. There are also numerous other eminent works, by Guido, Annibale Caracci, Guercino da Cento, Vandyke, Titian, and other first-rate masters. This was one of the best collections of paintings I saw in Italy.

The Milanese women are not at all re-

remarkable for their beauty. Amongst the many which I saw at the promenade, I could scarcely distinguish a single fine countenance. The young ladies allow their hair to hang in long curls over their necks; and many wear powder, which appeared to me the most unbecoming fashion that ever was invented for them.

The two canals proceeding from the rivers Adda and Tesino, convey merchandize and every kind of produce to Milan.

We one day made an excursion to *Monza*, (a small town, eight miles distant,) which contains the famous iron crown. The hoop around it is believed by Catholics to be made of one of the nails with which our Saviour was crucified!! Charlemagne, Napoleon, and other monarchs, have had this crown on their heads. Near Monza is a royal palace, where the viceroy, Prince Eugene, resided. It is comfortably furnished, but without any of that splendour which we generally find in similar edifices. The grounds are partly laid out à l'Anglaise.

The cheeses made in the rich country which surrounds Milan, are considered to be of the finest flavour.



CHAPTER VII.

WE made an excursion from Milan to the lakes of *Como*, *Lugano*, and *Lago Maggiore*, witnessing some of the most delightful scenery which Italy, or perhaps any other country, can boast of.

Como is about 25 miles distant from Milan, and the road to it runs over a large plain. This town is delightfully situated in a charming valley at one end of the Como or Larian lake, which here forms an extensive basin of transparent water. It contains a Gothic cathedral built of marble. Como is bounded by two mountains, whose sides are covered with the finest verdure. In the recesses, almost hidden from human view by the hanging woods, you see here and there cottages in most enviable situations. A part of the town extends round one end of the lake in the form of a crescent at the water's edge, and

the numerous houses scattered in its environs are really charming.

We took a walk in the cool of the evening to the top of the mountain, and had a beautiful prospect of the commencement of the lake, on whose glassy surface the twittering swallow was skimming, whilst in the little woodlands through which we passed, our ears were saluted at every moment with the harmonious notes of the plaintive Philomel, and innumerable other choristers,

“Cantan fra i rami gli augelletti vaghi
Azzurri e bianchi e verde e rossi e gialli
Murmuranti ruscelli, e cheti laghi
Di limpidezza vincono i cristalli.”

The inn here, though small, stands very pleasantly near the water, and every admirer of nature will, I am sure, prefer it, humble as it is, to a better house in the midst of the town, where he would be deprived of this beautiful prospect.

On the morrow early, the weather being favourable, we hired an excellent boat, and made an excursion on the lake. On leaving Como, we found the mountains on each side finely clothed to their base with

elm, ash, mulberry, chestnut, and other trees, the different tinges of which formed a pleasing variety at this interesting period of the year; the beginning of summer. The numerous villas belonging to the gentry of Como, with gardens running up the rock, highly cultivated, together with small villages, and occasionally a good sized town, added much to the beauty of the scenery. We first landed at *Pliniana*, celebrated for the intermittent fountain described by the two *Plinys*.

It is impossible to form an idea of a situation more adapted for a mind fond of contemplation. A modern house has been built on the spot where the ancient one formerly stood, the walls of which are bathed by the waters of the lake. The present villa is situated in the recess of a mountain entirely covered with luxuriant foliage, except where the rugged summits of a rock occasionally rises to add to the romantic splendour of the prospect, or a cascade; whose noise, as it falls, produces a striking contrast to the general silence of every thing around. The shady walks in the environs of this house are so agreeable

able, that I could with pleasure have spent the whole day in exploring their various beauties, and did not leave them without regret. You here observe a curious phenomenon of nature which Pliny (as you will remark by the inscription) and since his time, many other persons, have endeavoured to explain. I refer to the intermittent spring which ebbs and flows like the sea. It issues from the mountain, and empties itself into a large basin where it generally increases and decreases three times every day. This phenomenon has been, I believe, generally supposed to arise from the west wind, but Pliny was uncertain about the manner in which the effect was produced, and the solidity of the hypothesis may be altogether doubted even to the present day. Indeed all I have read or heard upon the subject seems mere conjecture. This is considered to be the most charming part of the Como lake, and here, on a moderate fortune, and surrounded by a few select friends, a person might live in perfect happiness, far from the busy hum of men, and the anxious hopes and fears of human concerns. Pliny

had several villas near this lake, which here becomes broader, and the scenery for a time changes. You see bold mountains covered with snow rising in front, and rich valleys on each side of you. In one of these valleys we were informed there were no less than twenty-seven villages. This continual variety is most agreeable. Soon after we passed by the little island of St. John the Baptist, about a mile in circumference, on which there is only one building, namely, a church dedicated to the patron from whom it takes its name. About eighteen miles from Como are a number of villages, whose situations are perhaps more lovely than those we had witnessed before. Some stand half way up the mountain; others are almost lost in the woods; and others are situated close to the water's side, forming altogether one of the finest landscapes in nature. The beautiful bay before these villages, is well denominated "the Bay of Venus." Its water is transparently clear, and of immense depth. In a part of the mountain on the left hand, are some traces which the peasantry of the country believe to be the

footsteps of the people coming out of Noah's Ark. What would they not believe!

We were now half-way up the lake, and had a fine view of its extremity. It is thirty miles in length, six in breadth in its widest part, and a hundred feet in depth. We again disembarked at the village of Bellaggio, and took an agreeable walk up the mountain, from whence there is a fine prospect of another branch of the Como lake, at the end of which stands the town of Lecco. Here the scenery again changes, and nature appears in a much wilder garb: the mountains rise more abruptly, and are not so richly cultivated as in other parts, where the olive-tree and vine are so luxuriant. You pass by a handsome palace belonging to a Milanese nobleman, and afterwards arrive at a villa, the grounds of which are laid out with taste, and in whose shady avenues we found a pleasing retreat. All these country houses, were they in the possession of men fond of the beauties of nature, might be made some of the most delightful residences in Europe. The neat village of Cadenabbia is opposite to Bellaggio, where we went over a palace

(the only one I have met with) which is comfortably furnished. There are several good modern paintings here, amongst which I remarked one by Landi, a Roman, representing "the departure of Mars." You see Venus (whose lovely figure is in a most voluptuous attitude) leaning on his shoulder; she is entreating him with tenderness not to leave her, whilst the three Graces are taking off his helmet and other accoutrements: these females are very interesting, and the countenance of Mars has more the expression of love than war. The proprietor of the palace received us with great politeness, and allowed us to walk through his different apartments.

The next town is *Menaggio*, where we halted for the night. The country in this neighbourhood is not so well cultivated, and many parts of the mountains are entirely barren. A person seldom finds himself in such pleasing retirement as this, but when he happens to be so fortunate, his mind naturally feels inclined for contemplation. In the cool of the evening I took an agreeable walk near the water's edge,

and admired exceedingly the bold ridge of mountains at the extremity of the lake, rising in a fantastical manner, and covered with snow. This reminds us of cold winter, but you have only to turn your eyes to the right or left, and the beauties of summer again present themselves.

Next morning, about eight o'clock, we crossed to the opposite side, and landed at the village of *Bellano*, where we saw a fine chasm in the rock, through which a large body of water from the river *Pioverna* falls, with a thundering noise, into an immense basin; over this abyss they have thrown a tottering bridge, which is chiefly supported by two small chains fastened to the mountain above. A nervous person will hesitate before he crosses it, as the slender planks, and, indeed, the whole fabric trembles beneath him. This singular bridge seems to be hanging to the rock. The grand and gloomy aspects of nature here appear in their strongest colouring, and the face of every thing around is terrific. If one of the rotten beams gives way, you are inevitably hurled to destruc-

tion. A party of English ladies landed just as we were taking our departure, but I doubt if any of those fair travellers could have summoned sufficient resolution to venture across the bridge over the *Orrido*, which is the name given by the peasantry to this dark abyss. We now again embarked. As we rowed along near the land, the scenery which presented itself was more romantic than that of any other part of the lake. Majestic nature here shews herself, unaided by the hand of art. It was a relief, for a moment, not to see the habitations of man. On our proceeding, the sides of the mountain were now covered with the uniform velvet turf of verdure, and the bold rocks of black marble, occasionally peeping through the continued woodlands which feathered the hollow ravines, greatly increased this sublime grandeur.

Country houses were prettily scattered in another direction; and every now and then the steeple of a retired village appearing above the trees, completed the charming *coup d'œil*. One might spend a month agréably in visiting these different vil-

lages, and in walking through the delightful woods, which are skirted by fertile vineyards.

We now went to the village of *Capuana*. Near it is a cascade, of immense height, called "*Fiume Latte*," from the colour of its water exactly resembling milk. To complete a scenery for a Salvator Rosa, on the summit of a craggy rock near this place, we saw, enclosed in an iron cage, the skulls of four robbers, who committed depredations in this country many years ago.

We had now explored the whole of the lake of Como, which is by far the finest in Lombardy. Even the most idle observer must be enchanted with the variety of the scenery on its borders, the hanging woods, the frequent cascades, the innumerable country houses and villages, which we find scattered on every side in most delightful situations; all these, and many other objects, naturally crowd upon the mind, and call forth its admiration, as you pass over the clear surface of the water. The shores are broken by a succession of bays, which interrupt the regular expanse of the lake,

in the bosom of which the trees and woods are seen reflected through the pellucid element. A various assemblage of foliage and broken rocks that throw their shades into the polished mirror, present a scene of uncommon effect, and local charms. It is difficult for the amateur of the beauties of the country to find any one objection to these romantic points of view, although greater breadth is required to give the Como lake the grand effect of that of Geneva: and again, the eye of the lover of the true picturesque might sometimes be offended by the multiplicity of towns and villas, situated on its borders. Near this lake the present Princess of Wales has lately resided for a considerable time.

It was about mid-day, when we again reached Menaggio, from whence we proceeded on mules to the small town of *Porlezza*, situated at one extremity of the lake of *Lugano*. I would recommend all young and robust travellers to make this excursion on foot, as they will have a most romantic walk over the mountains, and meet at every step with different objects, ever pleasing, ever grateful to the admirer of

nature. The distance is only six miles, and no part of the road is deficient in beauty. In the declivity of a hill, that is darkly shaded by rocks on one side, and by massy foliage on the other, is drilled the bed of some torrent, whose waters are observed to tumble in successive falls, and rushing through the bordering ornaments of underwood and shrubs, are sometimes seen, and sometimes lost. Through the dark foliage which shades these lanes, the traveller gains now and then a peep at the scenery below and around him, where his eye is lost in the multiplicity of images, in the splendour of the objects, and in the interminable stretch of distance which insensibly recedes from the view, and is at last undistinguished in the horizon. On arriving at the summit of one of the hills, you get a delightful bird's-eye view of several small lakes, as also of that of Lugano. On the left you will observe some manufactories of iron; which metal is found in the neighbouring mountains.

After taking some refreshment at a miserable inn at *Porlezza*, we embarked on the lake of Lugano, which is upwards of

twenty miles in length, and in some parts, six in breadth. The scenery of this lake is not, however, so striking as that of Como. You do not observe that continual variety. Nature has been here more left to herself. There is very little cultivation on its borders, except in the immediate environs of the villages, which are not so numerous, and which, in general, stand near the water's edge. Neither are there many country-houses, but now and then you meet with one, retired and beautiful. The woods extend from the base to the summits of the mountains, forming a carpet of verdure, which is wildly romantic, although there is a sameness about it, for this scene continues nearly the whole length of the lake, from *Porlezza* to *Porto*. During our voyage, I observed many a charming object for the pencil; but the occasional appearance of rich corn-fields, and well cultivated vineyards, would render the landscape more gratifying to the eye of the traveller, as he sails along in his little boat below. On one side of the lake stands the town of Lugano, of more considerable size than any other in this neigh-

bourhood. Behind Lugano is a fine ridge of the Alps, which rise very boldly, and are soon lost in the clouds. A part of this lake, and the country which borders on it, belong to Switzerland. The villages about the Italian lakes are pretty objects at a distance, but, on your approach, you will find the houses, as well as the inhabitants, miserably poor. The latter are very subject to the *goitre*, which prevails so much in the Vallais. All these lakes are occasionally visited by storms. You sometimes see little iron crosses amongst the rocks on their borders, erected to the memory of some unhappy fishermen, who have met with watery graves.

We now landed at the village of *Porto*, and having borrowed the cabriolet and horse, belonging to the parish priest, with this humble establishment proceeded on to the town of *Varese*, seven miles distant, which we did not reach till late in the evening. Here we found our carriage which we had sent from Como, by land. The next morning we went on foot to the top of a lofty mountain about four miles from Varese, where there is a church de-

dedicated to the Virgin Mary, or Sta. Maria del Monte. This building is not remarkable, but the fifteen chapels which occupy each side of the road leading to it, are very deserving of attention. Their architecture is neat, and in their interior are a number of figures of painted stucco, representing the mysteries of the life of our Saviour. These figures, which are larger than life, were executed by the first artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The drapery of all of them is good, and the expression in many of the countenances very striking. Most persons (but especially the devout catholics) make a point *en passant* of visiting these chapels, which really may be considered as curiosities. Independently of these objects, you are fully repaid for your fatiguing walk, by the grandeur of the view from the summit of the mountain. You see from the same spot the *Lago Maggiore*, about twenty miles distant, as well as the Lake of Varese, and three or four other minor lakes in different parts of the valley, where almost all the beauties of nature seem to have assembled. We traced some of the

streams around us sweeping the rocks, and forming to themselves obscure channels through arches and caverns; some are observed to divide contiguous mountains, and others to steal gently through the plains below to the lakes, distributing vegetation and plenty in every direction.

The little village of *Sta. Maria del Monte* appears separated from all the rest of the world, and contains only 200 inhabitants. It happened to be a holiday, and I had an opportunity of seeing the whole population. The women, as I have before remarked, have very dark complexions, and plain features. They have here a neat manner of fastening up their hair, like Indian queens, with a number of silver pins, in the shape of a crescent, through the centre of which passes a very large one, the whole forming a pretty ornament. I also observed they wore the *sabots*, or wooden shoes, so common in the south of France.

Fourteen miles from the base of this mountain stands the fine village of *Laneno*, from whence we embarked on the *Lago Maggiore*, which is about thirty-five miles

distant from Milan. I need scarcely inform my readers that this lake is of more considerable size than those of Como or Lugano; as it receives its name from this circumstance. It is very superior to the rest in some respects, namely, in the noble expanse of water, and the different islands it contains, although in richness of scenery it must yield to the lake of Como. We first visited the *Isola Madre*, (mother island) which is very small, containing the miserable remains of a palace, and being entirely covered by a wood of rare exotics. The only objects to induce the traveller to land, are the quantities of birds from different parts of the world, which are to be seen running about the woods, some in a wild, others in a domestic state. The pheasants are particularly beautiful.

From hence we rowed to the *Isola bella*, (fair island) about a mile from the former. This island 200 years ago consisted of nothing more than a solid mass of rock, when the Prince of Borromeo formed the singular project of blowing up the rock, and erecting a superb palace. He, being very rich, was enabled to put this laborious task into

execution ; this palace, after an enormous sum of money had been expended, unfortunately was never entirely finished, and is therefore a disagreeable object as you approach it. In its spacious galleries are a number of paintings of little merit. All the rooms on the ground floor, of rustic architecture, resemble as many grottos. They are of stone work, of many different colours, forming a species of mosaic, and always kept delightfully cool. This must be a most enviable retreat during the heat of summer. But the garden here, which covers the island, is a great curiosity, and unique of its kind ; it forms a circle with no less than ten separate banks, or stories, winding round in the shape of a corkscrew, at which you arrive by means of small flights of steps. The whole is at least fifty feet in height. Here there are a number of lime and orange trees, planted in terrasses, which they are obliged to cover with mats during the winter, on account of the cold winds coming from the neighbouring Alps. The bay-tree in particular seems to flourish, there being one nearly 100 feet in height, and two yards at least

in circumference. I never before saw this tree grow to such a size, and in so much luxuriance. This garden is disfigured; or (according to the taste of the country) ornamented, by various groups of statues, and the whole laid out in a most formal style. But the eye of a person of any taste, after merely taking a glance at this extraordinary work of art, will soon contemplate from thence a fine view of the Alps, and also wander with satisfaction to the shore immediately opposite, and dwell on the borders of the lake, beautifully covered with a hanging wood, and fertile vineyards.

The *Isola Bella*, and the *Isola Madre*, situated at the extremity of a gulf which the lake forms, belong to the family of Borromeo, and are therefore called "*Le Isole Borromeo*," the Borromean Isles.

A modern traveller of eminence, speaking of the uncommon depth of this lake, says, that on "skimming in a light boat over the surface of such a tremendous abyss, even the traveller who has been tossed in the Bay of Biscay, or lifted on the swell of the ocean, may here eye the

approaching shore with some degree of complacency." I could not help smiling at so ridiculous an idea coming from so able a pen. In fact, we find the best of our writers occasionally forgetting themselves, nay, we all know, that even old Homer himself used to be caught napping. Whilst we deal in hyperboles, we may as well compare a basin of water with the Atlantic ocean.

You will also remark two other small islands here, inhabited solely by poor fishermen, to whom the produce of these lakes furnish at all seasons abundant employ. The smaller of the two is called "*Isola dei Pescatori*," the island of fishermen. The country around the *Lago Maggiore* is pretty, and well cultivated, the prospect always agreeable, but never approaching to sublimity. You see few villas, but the towns are quite sufficient to vary the scene. Near *Arona*, a small town five miles to the west of the lake, which gave birth to St. Carlo Borromeo, is an enormous statue in copper of St. Carlo, situated on the side of the mountain, and remarkable as being one of the largest in existence. Its pedestal

is forty feet high, and the statue upwards of sixty, with a head of colossal size. This statue, from its situation and immense proportions, is plainly perceived at a considerable distance.

We now landed at the village of *Bavenna*, where the inn is a humble one, for which, however, we were compensated by the civility of the landlord and his wife. The day had been most delightful, and in the evening I strolled along by the side of the lake. The sun had not yet set, and its beams reflecting on the tranquil waters, gave the whole the appearance of one immense mirror whose surface was not troubled by a single ripple ;

“ Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy.”

The several islands, which at a distance are most striking objects, the steeples of the village churches, surrounded with foliage; and again, the boldness of the mountainous scenery in the back ground, all

these and many other things combined, formed a more charming picture than I can possibly convey, any idea of. The pleasing silence around was only interrupted by the harmonious song of the nightingale, continuing without ceasing (for these birds are very numerous here), during the whole of my walk, with which solitary excursion I was more delighted, than I recollect having been with any other, since I quitted my native country.

“Levan di terra al ciel nostr' intelletto :
E'l rosignuol che dolcemente a l'ombra
Tutti le notte si lamente e piagne.”

PETRARCHA.

In such a spot, so peculiarly adapted for the day dreams of fancy, imagination may take its flight, reflecting in prismatic colours of beauty every surrounding object. The mild and delicious temperature of the climate, the clear sky, and the enchanting scenery, combine to free the mind from all the dark and violent passions which agitate the world; they lead to the indulgence of the most pleasing reveries. In such a moment, honours, riches, and all

the ambition of life, fade before us, and the contemplative wanderer may at last say "here shall be my residence, here will I pass the remainder of my days." Such romantic delusions of enthusiasm for a moment took possession of my mind, during my walk on the borders of this lake; yet soon I found my heart inclining (like the needle to the north, from its natural tendency) to those scenes of domestic endearments, of filial affection, of friendship, of religion, and above all, of society, such as we relish and approve, and to the many indescribable comforts, which in foreign countries are always wanting, and which sooner or later never fail to be experienced at a distance from one's native home!



CHAPTER VIII.

We found ourselves approaching Switzerland; from the language of the peasantry in this neighbourhood, which is such a strange mixture of French and Italian, it is difficult for a person well acquainted with both those languages to understand them.

We now sat off on our journey across the Simplon. On ascending this mountain, I found myself, as if by an involuntary impulse, continually turning round, and viewing, in deep meditation, the extensive and luxuriant prospect of Italy, which perhaps I was now contemplating for the last time, and which, from its distance, was fast fading to the sight. On one side of this garden of nature, is an extensive view of those rich plains of the Milanese we had now quitted: on the other side presents itself the grand and sublime scenery of the Apennine moun-

tains, placed in terrific magnificence, as the boundary of fertile Italy, from the rest of Europe. I could not, without emotion, cast a parting look at a country which had for so long a time continually excited in my mind a succession of the most lively sensations of gratification, satisfaction, and improvement; a country, once the residence of men of the highest celebrity that ever ennobled human nature, and whose memory will continue to do it honour to the end of time; poets, sages, philosophers, orators, and heroes! and still the depository of the venerable remains of perfection in the arts, the fruits of the period in which those illustrious men lived, and which will never cease to be the admiration of the world.

I could not proceed on the slow and reluctant ascent of the Simplen mountain, without being strongly impressed with a species of sorrow and melancholy which it is difficult to eradicate. These gloomy reflections happily did not last long; my companion, who was walking by my side, had no such train of thoughts passing in his mind; he was as unconscious of the

impressions I felt, as ever Sancho was, during the reveries of Don Quixote. The air was keen and exhilarating; and our long silence was broken by his abruptly saying, "I shall certainly make a famous supper this evening." I suddenly looked round, and discovered the most enviable apathy and vacancy from care in his countenance; and, whether it proceeded from this whimsical contrast to the emotions which had been passing in my mind, or the tone of gravity with which he made this laconic remark, I know not, but I instantly burst into a loud laugh. My friend was startled at the sudden excitement of my risible faculties, (which was probably so at variance with the apparent gloom of my countenance,) and heartily joined in the same emotion. I felt more grateful than he was aware, for his having thus relieved me from my train of pensive ideas; and we jogged on merrily, until we arrived at the village of *Simplon*, the point of attraction for my friend's long expected supper. My companion's facetious countenance must not, however, allow me to take leave of Italy, without a few remarks on

the inhabitants, society, and manners, of a country I have felt such interest in describing.

I will begin with a circumstance of some importance to all who may realize the desire of visiting this country, namely, the accommodation and comforts which may be expected at the inns. On this point no description of people are less likely to give a favourable report than Englishmen, respecting a part of the world where good accommodation, and the luxuries of cleanliness and comfort, are to be looked for in vain ; on another point, however, none but Englishmen have so much right to complain. I refer to the general practice of innkeepers and tradesmen, of charging them four times the sum for their entertainment, that they would ever pretend to charge to their own countrymen, or to any other nation. This fault may rest with us, from our national carelessness of expense in travelling, but the flagrant want of honesty rests with them ; and it surely is most unpleasant to be among people, who all mean from the first moment to cheat you, and with whom

it becomes indispensable, that you or your servant should make a previous bargain, or be exposed to a constant contention, for being allowed even the privilege of paying only double their charges to all other travellers.

With respect to the higher orders of society in Italy, consisting of the princes and nobility, though I was not particularly intimate with many of them, yet one circumstance appeared obvious, namely, that during the recent convulsions in Italy, wherein they have so often changed masters, and every succeeding one has squeezed them to the very core, by contributions, fines, and plunder, they are generally become miserably poor; which effect is aided by the overbearing despotism of the church and government. Under such impressions, it is not surprising that the human mind should sink into a torpid state, and become indifferent to political and public events, which stimulate the higher orders in other countries. They appear to feel no inclination to obtain eminence wherein they have no influence; education remains neglected;

and their pursuits seem to be limited to a succession of intrigues, visits of ceremony, music, and more frivolous pursuits ; as also to the usual observance of the forms of religion, proceeding more from a policy to keep well with the church, than from any principle or practice of morality.

The middle classes of society in the Milanese, and the states of Tuscany and Venice, possess a degree of activity and industry, from which, under other governments, would result that independence and comfort we so justly boast of in our country. In the Roman and Neapolitan possessions, their habits of dissipation and depravity are close imitations of those of the higher orders. Literature, and cultivation of the mind, appear totally neglected ; if they can fill up the day by a routine of insipid visits, music, theatres, and coffee-houses, they appear perfectly contented. In the large towns, the Italians may be said to live in constant idleness, and to pass as little of their time in their own houses, as do their late masters the French.

I must here take occasion to observe, I can with difficulty reconcile to my ideas,

the manner in which the highly respectable author of "A Classical Tour through Italy" has glossed over the frequent occurrence of murders, or what are called assassinations, (which have so long been the opprobrium of this country,) by palliating these acts of cruel ferocity, as being exempt from deliberate revenge, or a sanguinary spirit, and as proceeding only from a momentary fiery passionate temper; which, like their climate, is subject to be occasionally agitated by violent, though transient storms! This author's decided partiality in favour of the Italians, whether arising from similarity of religion, or any other cause, is visible in almost every page, exaggerating their virtues, and apologising for their vices. I do not mean, however, to detract from his eminent general merit as a writer of travels; indeed, every reader must have arisen from the perusal of his work, both amused as well as edified. But, alas! how certain it is that no human mind was ever free from the bias of partiality or prejudice. I should be more disposed to adopt the opinion, that, if in Rome and Naples, where the braves prevail, there were

no "receiving-houses," namely, churches, which are stated to shelter them from the vengeance of the law ; and if, also, the delegates from the Vatican had not the presumption to assume a power of giving absolution for a crime denounced by God and man, we should have no longer occasion to palliate these atrocities by dwelling on the furious passions of the inhabitants ; or on the transient storms of the climate ; murder would then be no more the reproach of Italy than of the other parts of the civilized world.

With respect to the common people, who, in all countries, form the mass of society, it is difficult to make general observations on inhabitants living, as we may say, on such different soils and climates, and under such distinct governments as are found in Italy. The south of this country, in the direction of Rome, Naples, Calabria, &c. produces a more ignorant and depraved lower class of society than I have observed in any other part of Europe. All large cities, in every country, contain enough of the worst portion of the population ; but Naples and Venice appeared to me to hold

a larger proportion of this description than I have remarked in any other cities of equal extent. The cause cannot but rest with the governments under which they live. Nature has here produced, generally speaking, a fine athletic race of people; but with minds uncultivated by any education, and debased by ignorance, bigotry, and oppression. Idleness and vice commonly prevail; for where there is no stimulus held out to remedy the former, the latter becomes the natural consequence in mixed societies. Were there energy and virtue in the government, and the lower orders protected from the tyranny of their superiors, industry and prosperity would flourish in such a country, wherein nature is ever bountiful: whereas it would appear to be the policy of despotic governments to degrade their subjects by keeping them in poverty and ignorance, and by suffering banditti, robbers, and murderers, to roam at large, rather than risk the security of their power.

The peasantry of Italy, either in prosperous or adverse seasons, must always be poor and wretched. The proprietors of the

estates, being too lazy and ignorant to direct the management of their possessions; depute overseers, or contractors, as ignorant of agriculture as themselves, who seldom reside in the country, but form a kind of partnership with the farmers, in every thing but labour, reserving to themselves, as part of the rent, perhaps nine-tenths of the profit on the produce; so that the cultivators of the land neither possess capital to make improvements in agriculture, nor the chance of ever obtaining competency or independence. A common labourer with us is paid for his work, be the farm productive or not; but here the farmer starves, if he does not work early and late to produce a plentiful crop; and after all, we see his family in poverty and rags. In the north of Italy, namely, in the Tuscan, Venetian, and Milanese states, cultivation and commerce are carried to a much greater perfection: industry and activity prevail in the towns, and every part of the country is in the highest state of agriculture: we, however, even here, seldom see an opulent farmer; probably the same system, to a certain degree, prevails in di-

viding the profits, as in the Papal and Neapolitan territories, or some local duties arise on produce, which always tend to keep the people poor. The luxuries of the table are not carried to that extent as to become charged among the vices of the modern Italians. Macaroni is in the daily bill of fare of most Italians, as the *olla podrida* is in Spain. Drunkenness is seldom or never seen, but held, by all orders of society, in the highest degree disgraceful. The Italian character possesses more of mildness and gaiety, than of the frivolous vanity and volatile disposition of a neighbouring nation; they are fond of the imposing pageantry of processions, operas, theatres, and every description of public exhibition; but above all, from the prince to the pauper, music is their favourite amusement, and all classes, from even infancy, acquire a surprising proficiency and taste in this enchanting science.

We now proceeded on our journey across the *Simplon*. Lofty pines and deep shades, with which this road abounds, are in themselves pleasing objects; whilst snow-capt mountains, rocky precipices,

hollow glens, and caverns, waken, in the traveller's mind, ideas of sublimity or danger. The ascent from *Bavenne* to *Domo d'Ossola* (a good sized town) is gradual; but the road became steeper before we arrived at the village of *Simplon*, situated on the summit of a rock, and the only one you find, for a considerable distance, where any refreshment is to be met with. It consists of about twenty houses, all of which are very miserable. The inn, however, is the best of them, and it afforded us tolerable fare: here we halted for the night. The bed-room they gave me was dark and gloomy; but I could not find fault with it when the landlord informed me, that no less a personage than the Princess of Wales had slept in the same not long before.

What a dull retreat is this village! For eight months in the year it is encompassed on every side by a deep snow, when the eyes of its inhabitants are scarcely ever enlivened by seeing a single traveller.

We started the next morning at five o'clock, and soon reached the highest part of the mountain. Here the snow

was from fifteen to twenty feet above the original surface of the road; and after taking off the wheels of our carriage, we passed over this immense bed on a sledge, drawn by four horses. This, indeed, was a nervous undertaking, there being no railing whatever, and a horrible precipice within a foot of our road. One false step might have launched us into eternity! We continued on the sledge, with this prospect on one side of us, for the space of an hour and half, during the whole of which time our situation was not very enviable. The road is sometimes pierced through the solid rock for a considerable distance, forming galleries, which strike the passing traveller with wonder, at the labour as well as expense which have been employed for so grand an undertaking. I remarked, in particular, one subterraneous passage bored through the rock, which was now almost choked up with snow. A person can scarcely traverse it without shuddering. The scenery in these Alpine regions is rather terrific than pleasing. The most lofty of the mountains are lost in vapour, ex-

cept, occasionally, where the summit of one of them, covered with an eternal snow, appears between the clouds. The sides of the lower ones are finely clothed with pine-trees, which produce a grand effect, and form a peculiar contrast to the barren state of the surrounding scene. Over the gigantic fragments which border the road, there sometimes tumbles down a full cascade, the thunder of which seems to shake the very mountain: the weight of waters forms a gulf below, and, retreating downwards, or ascending into spray, appears to be in continual tumult, rage, and motion. Over many parts of the torrents, which are occasioned by the waste of snows above, are observed immense and fallen trees, upon which the safe-footed chamois is seen to frolic, nor dread the giddy chasm that yawns beneath. Sometimes these nimble little animals browse in the valleys, or bound from rock to rock, and hang, in giddy pendance, upon the edge of a precipice, as if they took delight in looking down upon the awful glooms below.

: This road, through a part of the Alps

never before trodden by the feet of man, piercing the hardest rocks, and crossing immense valleys and mountain torrents, was executed by the genius of Napoleon, at the expense of the Italian government. It is a work which alone would serve to immortalize his name. Possibly from political policy, I am sorry to say, it is permitted to fall to decay. A person is now really terrified at the precipices where the railings have been carried away by the tremendous *avalanches*, which, rolling down the mountain, sometimes tear up by the roots whole rows of trees at the same moment; and the deep snows above, which at this season of the year are continually falling, as also many of the rocks, which appear to be in a tottering state, tend to keep the traveller's mind in a state of continued alarm. By the side of the road, in the most solitary parts of the mountain, are a few houses, which serve as an asylum to the wayworn traveller, and whose inhabitants will afford him some refreshment during his cold and miserable journey.

We were two days in crossing the

Simplon mountain, and did it, perhaps, at the most interesting season of the year, as from the snows having began to melt, there were a number of fine cascades, which tumbled down the craggy sides of the rocks with a tremendous noise, and increased much the sublimity and grandeur of these Alpine wonders. The road over the Simplon I consider to be a work of much greater extent, difficulty, and labour, than that over the Mont Cenis: I was much gratified at having seen both; they are noble monuments of the labour and perseverance of man, in subduing the obstacles of nature.

After a long and rapid descent, where the road winds round different valleys in a most fanciful manner, we reached the town of Brigue, situated at the bottom of the mountain, and finally returned to Geneva the next day.

Having given a description of this city and neighbourhood in the autumn of last year, when I quitted it for Italy, I have only to remark, that on my return to Geneva, I was much surprised at the extraordinary change which had taken place in

the society there. The recent peace had induced such a flight of my countrymen to visit Switzerland, that in fact it was become an English colony. I passed a few days among them almost with as much pleasure as if I had already landed in old England; but it unfortunately tended to excite in my breast a stronger feeling than before, of the *maladie du pays*. The sound of English tongues had the same effect on my spirits, as the *Rantz des Vaches* has on an expatriated Swiss. I had now been rambling three years; some of my nearest connexions had gone to "The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn no traveller returns," others had quitted the discipline of school, and started into the relations of active life—in short, I wished once more to resume those habits which had been the pursuit of my former life.

Since my first visit to Geneva, the sudden re-appearance of the ex-Emperor, had peopled Switzerland with my countrymen flying from France. I was not, therefore, disposed to re-visit the scenes of war I had before witnessed in Spain and Portugal; nor had I the protection of the head-quar-

ters of Lord Wellington for the indulgence of such curiosity, as I had experienced the preceding year on my entrance into France. I therefore determined to take my route through Berne, Soleure, and Basle, and proceed down the Rhine, through Coblentz, Cologne, and Aix la Chapelle, to Brussels.

We set out from Geneva. Our road was for some distance on the borders of the lake. We dined at Lausanne, which city I have already described, and after passing through a rich and populous country, finally arrived at Berne, after a journey of ninety miles from Geneva.

Berne, the chief city for opulence and power among the confederacy of Switzerland, is situated on a rising ground, or rock, at the foot of which flows the river Aar, nearly surrounding the town. The streets are wide, and kept remarkably neat and clean, having a stream of water running in all directions. The duty of cleaning the streets is performed by the prisoners convicted of crimes, who are in a prison dress; and some of these delinquents have a collar of iron, with a handle at the back of the head, whereby any one

may seize them without the possibility of resistance. I must say, that having these degraded wretches ever before one's eyes, is painful ; at least to strangers, who are not familiar with such exhibitions.

The houses are, in general, large and commodious ; and although we see none of that splendour which is found in so many other cities of Europe, we neither observe here those wretched abodes of cheerless poverty, so prevalent in other capitals. A range of deep and heavy arcades runs on one side of the principal streets, intended for the purpose of keeping out the sun and rain ; if they did not also keep out the air and light, I would not quarrel with them.

The cathedral, of Gothic architecture, stands in a commanding situation, perpendicular from the river. This spot appeared to me better adapted for a battery than a church ; and from its precincts we have a commanding view of the river Aar, and a very extensive prospect of a highly cultivated country, bounded by a chain of the Glaciers, whilst the perpetual verdure, so seldom found in other parts, forms a beautiful scene for the eye to rest upon.

On the side of the river, immediately at the foot of this hill, are situated a number of obscure buildings, said to be for the purpose of baths, which, I was given to understand, are not conducted with a regularity we should expect to find among so moral a people as the inhabitants of Switzerland.

The hospital has a more imposing appearance than any other building at Berne, and in it all objects of distress are admitted, without difficulty or distinction. The armoury is on a larger scale than any other of the cantons, having always ready the materials for 50 to 60,000 men. They have also a public granary, as have all the other republics. In a country distant from the sea, with few navigable rivers, and with mountainous roads, it is most important to provide against a bad season, particularly as Switzerland does not furnish sufficient grain to supply its extensive population.

The society at Berne is polished, and the inhabitants hospitable; and I am told that strangers who are well introduced, may here pass their time more agreeably

than in any other part of Switzerland. My readers, however, are not to expect invitations, as in London, to splendid dinners, or to pass the night at an elegant ball and supper. The visiting hours to form a *conversazione* are from six to nine, and if a dance be given, every body goes to bed at eleven. In fact, no public assemblies are allowed after that hour; and I am not certain, if in this land of liberty, the government does not make restrictions as to the hour when private parties must also finish.

Aristocracy in this place is carried to an unusual extent. The families who compose the government, namely, the great council of 200, neither intermarry, visit, or join in amusements with the merchants, or people in trade. I happened to have only a letter of credit on a merchant; and consequently during the few days I remained, I had no opportunity of mixing among the beaux or belles of this city. When I make my next visit, I must previously decide, if my letters are to be addressed to the aristocratic, or the democratic circle.

Berne is twenty miles from Soleure, which last town we entered after a steep ascent, and on the two following days travelled seventy miles further, through mountainous roads, and the richest variety of scenery, and reached *Basle*; where we were well accommodated at the inn of the Three Kings, situated on the edge of the Rhine, which river is here of considerable breadth and rapidity.

This city is large, but has little to recommend notice. The streets for the greatest part are narrow and uneven, the houses plain and old, and although on the border of this noble river, furnish no objects of ornament or beauty. The cathedral is an ugly Gothic building, greatly disfigured by a dirty coloured red paint, which has entirely effaced the appearance of antiquity. In the interior are several ancient tombs, and amongst others that of the celebrated Erasmus.

The inhabitants are a plain industrious people, free from luxury, and devoted to trade, which is more considerable here than in any other town in Switzerland, arising from its advantageous situation on the Rhine.

I was invited one evening to the house of a merchant for whom I had a letter of credit, to meet eight or ten of his friends at a *supper*, which consisted of fish, a roasted pig, veal, beef, and other substantials, such as we sometimes see at the Christmas dinner of our opulent farmers; a proof that if the inhabitants of Basle have not the refinements of fashion, they possess at least the sauce of good appetites.

The country all the way from Geneva to Basle is luxuriant and agreeable, and the large woods on each side of the road particularly striking. The traveller remarks with satisfaction, the general air of comfort in all the towns and villages he passes through, and the cheerful appearance of their inhabitants. The costume of the female peasants in the canton of Berne is singular, but extremely neat. They are dressed in black, and wear a velvet cap trimmed with lace, nearly a quarter of a yard in breadth, which is made quite stiff, so as to form a kind of crown surrounding the face. This curious head-dress is very becoming to pretty women, who are not uncommon in this part of the country.

Others wear long silver chains which hang down by their sides, and again, some of the country girls' petticoats are so short, as barely to cover their knees. This in England would be considered indecent, but custom reconciles every thing; and in Switzerland, the honest peasantry think differently. The various costumes, so remarkable for simplicity, are very different in each of the Swiss cantons. The female peasants, in general, have a neatness about their persons, and may be deemed pretty, although I would not go to Switzerland for a model of symmetry or a delicate complexion. They seem to take great pride in ornamenting their fine long hair, and this, with the addition of a white cottage bonnet, and a few natural flowers tastefully placed on one side, form a *tout ensemble*, fantastic, coquettish, and lively.

The general features of manners among all the cantons of Switzerland, both catholic and protestant, are those of an open sincerity and plainness, mixed with an independence of mind, and love of liberty, which are never found in despotic governments. Nature has not much favoured this

country, except in the grand and sublime scenery, which is not equalled in any other part of Europe. The climate and soil are not favourable; but the absence of luxury, the simplicity of manners, and the indefatigable industry of all the inhabitants, amply compensate for these disadvantages. Agriculture and cultivation are brought to the highest perfection, and pursued with unremitting perseverance, even in situations apparently proscribed by nature. With such habits it follows, that we see in this country less of that poverty and mendicity which prevail to such a dreadful extent in the other parts of Europe.

I left Switzerland with regret; powerful reasons induced me to return home; with the hope at some future period again to visit so interesting a country; so happy a people. At Basle I separated from my *compagnon de voyage*, and having sold my carriage, and parted with my Swiss servant, I determined to cross the Rhine; and proceeding on the German side of that grand river to Frankfort, from thence to continue my journey by water, which I had every reason to expect I should find

by far more interesting and pleasant, than any other mode of travelling.

My new style, however, did not begin most auspiciously. It was Sunday, when all the inhabitants of Basle amuse themselves in making excursions to the neighbouring towns and villages, which is a custom general in these countries. This circumstance would be too trifling to deserve a remark, had I not been put to some inconvenience, from my not being able to find a single vehicle of any description, by which I might continue my journey. They were all engaged ere Sunday arrived, and I was obliged, as a last resource, to leave the greater part of my baggage at Basle, to be forwarded to Frankfort by the following diligence, which was expected the next evening; and as I do not suffer my plans to be deranged by trifling inconveniences, I hired a peasant to carry my *sac de nuit*, crossed the Rhine over the fine bridge close to the town, and finally proceeded on foot to a German village, about four miles distant, where I halted for the night. Here I borrowed a cart (for there was nothing else to be found) and with this humble

establishment went on ten leagues to the town of *Friburg*.

My friends in England would have smiled had they seen me thus trotting along the road, like a vagrant conducting to his parish, with an old German peasant, for my parish officer, whose enormous three-cornered hat gave him a very important appearance. But we travellers are always subject to such adventures, nor was this the first which had happened to me.

Friburg is a large German town, containing a handsome cathedral of Gothic architecture. Its exterior is venerable, and at the same time elegant, and the tower the most remarkable in this country, next to that at Strasburg. In the interior you will be pleased with an air of neatness, seldom to be remarked in catholic churches, which in general are overburthened with tawdry ornaments, and impress one more with the idea of a theatre than of a temple dedicated to the Almighty.

This town is well built, and its environs are in a good state of cultivation. At Friburg I hired a kind of gig, and

continued on to *Offenburg*, about fifteen leagues distant.

At the inn here I met with two German travellers. We all three of us supped together, and plentifully partook of our civil landlord's old red wine. This wine, which is made on the borders of the Rhine, is really delicious, and possesses a rich and stimulating flavour, superior to the produce of most other countries. The white wine was also excellent, and not unlike the French *Vin de Grave*. The inns here are very reasonable. My supper, bed, and *café au lait* on the morrow, did not cost me more than four shillings. But living ought to be cheap, as this part of Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, produces in great abundance all the necessities of life.

The costume of the peasantry has nothing very remarkable about it. The women wear large broad-brimmed straw bonnets, and I observed a number of them tilling the land.

On the next day, I travelled likewise about fifteen leagues through a populous and well cultivated country, and reached *Carlsruhe* in the evening. Here the Grand

Duke of Baden resides. The palace is a large building, not remarkable for beauty; the adjoining gardens, however, are delightful, and the parterre in front of the building, contains a quantity of orange-trees in high perfection, which diffused a most agreeable fragrance.

At all the respectable inns in this part of Germany (as in France) there is a *table d'hôte*, or ordinary, every day between twelve and one o'clock, where you have an excellent dinner of several courses, at a moderate price. This is a great convenience for travellers.

From Carlsruh to Frankfort the distance is thirty leagues. Between these places I arrived at the town of *Heidelberg*, the head-quarters of the army of Prince Swartzenburg. I had often experienced the bustle in being at head-quarters, and was sorry I could not avoid halting here. It was some hours before I could get a bed, as all the inns were full of officers, and they gave me not a little trouble, besides a walk of more than a mile, before they signed my passport, an inconvenience which a traveller never experiences in England. The Em,

perors of Russia and Austria were now here, and Heidelberg is the neatest town I had passed through during my journey. It stands on the bank of a small river, and its environs are very agreeable. I departed from thence on the morrow at four o'clock, and slept at *Frankfort*, after halting a few hours this day at the town of *Darmstadt*, belonging to the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and likewise the place of his residence, where the palace is an extensive building, in a bad state of repair. It contains, however, a good collection of paintings, which I found time to visit, and amongst others remarked in particular, a *Lucretia* by Rubens, and *Danae*, a lovely woman, in a recumbent attitude. Her form is quite voluptuous, and the painting is executed by Titian. Few, if any artists, have equalled Titian in painting the beauties of women. I saw also many other valuable productions of Raphael, Titian, Claude Lorraine, Rembrant, and other excellent masters (particularly of the Dutch school) well worth the attention of the amateur. In this palace there is likewise a collection of stuffed animals and other cu-

riosity very deserving of minute observation.

The whole country between Basle and Frankfort, a distance of eighty leagues, is very rich, better cultivated, and more productive of all the necessaries of life, than I recollect having ever observed in so considerable a territory before. The greatest part of it is a luxuriant plain, abounding in rich pasturage as well as corn, hemp, potatoes, hops, &c. &c. For many miles after leaving Offenbourg, the road passes through one continued garden; the vine is cultivated with the greatest care on the bordering hills, and you see on each side a variety of fruit-trees, and long avenues entirely composed of them.



CHAPTER IX.

FRANKFORT is a large commercial city, situated on the river Maine. It contains few objects to attract the attention of the curious traveller. There is only one street at all handsome, and which can boast of any beauty or regularity in its buildings, and one square only, which is either airy, or agreeable. The remaining part of the city is very ancient, the architecture, bad; and the whole struck me as being gloomy and uninteresting. There is a fine bridge over the Maine, and the environs of the city bordering on the river are delightful. The eye of the traveller is on all sides attracted by the charming prospects of numerous villages, which bespeak the industry and prosperity of their inhabitants; and the whole country around is intersected with hamlets, forming the most romantic inland picture imaginable.

I remained a few days at Frankfort, at one of the many excellent inns which are to be found there, and dined about two o'clock at the *table d'hôte*, where nearly a hundred persons assembled daily. Our fare was good, and, including a bottle of wine, did not cost more than between three and four francs.

This city is very commercial, and in it are annually held two of the largest fairs in Europe. The Jews, who form a great part of the population, live altogether in a distinct part of the town, and carry on a considerable proportion of the trade. The Catholics and Lutherans have each their churches here; but the government is Lutheran.

From hence I went to *Mentz*, a distance of about fifteen miles west of Frankfort. This is one of the strongest fortified towns in Germany. At the present moment there were some thousand men employed at the works. Mentz is situated at the point where the two rivers, Main and Rhine, form a junction.

The first view of this majestic city strikes the eye with great grandeur; but the feel-

ings of the traveller are much damped the instant he enters the walls. The streets are mostly dark, narrow, and gloomy, the houses built of very large hewn stones, and amazingly high. The best part is that containing the palace of the archbishop, which commands an extensive view of the Rhine, and the beautiful and fertile district of the Rhingaw. The cathedral was an immensely large, ancient, and superb Gothic building, but is now in ruins. The Roman historians make very early mention of the city of Mentz; and, indeed, the whole country on the left bank of the Rhine, from thence to Cologne, bears the marks and monuments of antiquity, clearly evincing its flourishing state in earlier days. Here is a bridge of boats, which crosses the Rhine. The curious reader may consult the account of the antiquities of Mentz and the adjacent country, given by Joseph Fuchs, a Benedictine friar. This town claims the invention of printing; and, in a jesuitical breviary I saw there, was the following passage:—*“Impressum Moguntiae, impensis, et opera honesti et providi viri Joannis Schœfferi civis Moguntini, cujus avus primus artis*

impressionæ fuit inventor et autor, anno salutifera incarnationis Domini millesimo quingentesimo pono." There being very few things to notice in this city, I took my leave of it in the public boat, which goes every day to Coblenz.

All travellers dwell with peculiar satisfaction on this voyage down the Rhine; so many objects combined, enchant the mind, and challenge the admiration of the tourist, as he quickly passes along on the glassy surface of the river, which is broad, clear, and majestic in its course. Its borders are cultivated with the greatest luxuriance, to the very water's edge, and produce that delicious wine known in England by the name of Hock, so called from the village of Hockenheim, in the vicinity of which, the grape grows that produces it. There is also a variety of different wines, both white and red, all of which are excellent.

A constant change of the most beautiful scenery presents itself, from the various turnings, in sailing down this magnificent river. Here and there you will remark extensive woods, succeeded by fertile meadows, and, in the back ground, the moul-

dering ruins of an old castle, situated on a high rock. Before we reached Cologne, I observed upwards of twenty of these ruins, of the most fantastical shapes imaginable, with little villages invariably situated near them, at the base of the hills. Nothing adds more to the beauty of picturesque scenery than such ruins as these. We meet with them occasionally in most countries; but the great number of them on the banks of the Rhine is very striking. This territory was formerly possessed by numerous petty princes, who waged perpetual war against each other, and made a practice of plundering the vessels passing the river, which fell into their hands. These castles are the only remaining wrecks of their ancient power.

We slept the first night at *Coblentz*, which is situated at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine. The whole face of the country around this town produces a most impressive effect. The immediate vicinity abounds with variegated beauties; the riches of nature, in her fanciful decorations near the borders of the Rhine, greet the eye of the traveller with the most gra-

tifying sensations. The pleasing meanders of the Lahn and Moselle have a delightful effect ; and the ruins of the dilapidated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, standing nearly opposite, on a stupendous rock, heighten the grandeur of the scene. The scenery from hence to Cologne is also fine, but not so beautifully romantic, or richly cultivated, as that from Mentz to Coblenz. Upon the whole, I was uncommonly delighted with my two days voyage. We had fine summer weather, and the boat was very commodious for about fifty passengers, many of whom were very agreeable : one of them played the guitar in a superior style, which considerably increased the amusement of the day. I would, above all, recommend travellers to adopt this mode of conveyance, it being far preferable to that of going by land, as they will have the opportunity of beholding to advantage the sublime scenery on the banks of this river.

Cologne is an ancient, gloomy city, covering a large space of ground, and now in a miserable state of decay. It formerly enjoyed many privileges, and

considerable commerce, which have now long ceased. The cathedral would have been most superb, had it been finished. What is now standing, especially of the interior, gives you an idea of the magnificence of the design. In this cathedral there is a tomb about nine feet in height, which appears literally covered with cameos and the most precious jewels, and which must have cost an enormous sum. Through a grating you see in the inside three polished skulls, said to be those of the three Magi kings who worshipped the infant Jesus. The good people here have such a veneration for these empty skulls, so congenial to their own, that they would rather have their cathedral itself demolished, than the precious relics I have just mentioned; but we must recollect this city was formerly the headquarters of German priestcraft. Most of the churches remain, but their riches and revenues were long since melted in the devouring crucible of Napoleon. Here is a church dedicated to St. Ursula, who is said and believed to have been martyred here with 11,000 virgins!! Did the grim tyrant ever before

swallow up, at one instant, so numerous a corps of probably beautiful and amiable females, without permitting one of them to taste of matrimonial bliss? But I must not omit to observe, that some writer, or wag, has asserted, that there was but one virgin in all, and that her name was *undecim mil.*

I had fortunately met with a Sicilian marquis in the public boat from Mentz, who was kind enough to offer me a seat in his carriage for the continuation of our journey to Brussels, by way of Aix-la-Chapelle and Liege, a distance of about 150 miles. I accepted his offer, on the condition of paying half the expenses.

Leaving Cologne, we dined at Juliers, which is a strongly fortified town; and after passing through a well cultivated, but not very interesting country, we arrived in the evening at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, a distance of forty miles. The first refreshment I took was immediately to avail myself of the advantage of a warm-bath, for which, and its sulphurous waters, this city has been so long famed through Europe, as well as for being the resort of the invalid

and the idler. I was very desirous of passing one day in seeing the amusements of Aix-la-Chapelle: to this wish my companion, the marquis, politely assented, on condition, however, of our proceeding on the following morning, without delay, to Bruxelles, where he was impatient to arrive. The city stands low, and is surrounded by mountains. It is of considerable consequence from its manufactures of cloths, and other commerce. The air is soft and salubrious; and the baths, hotels, ball-rooms, and other places of amusement, furnish every kind of accommodation for the visitors: unfortunately they were all now unoccupied, except by a few solitary invalids; for at this moment all Europe was concentrating its armies towards Belgium, where her fate was daily expected to be decided. This place has a degree of opulence, in the houses and shops, which I had not observed in any other part of Germany: it likewise has a cathedral and town-house, which the traveller must not omit seeing. Under any other circumstances than the present, I should much like to have passed some time at Aix-la-

Chapelle. The rambles in the vicinity are peculiarly agreeable for a person of a solitary taste, and the constant resources in the city furnish ample amusement for those who are in pursuit of society.

Leaving Aix-la-Chapelle, we arrived at *Liege*, a very extensive city, with an ancient cathedral. It may be called the Birmingham of this part of the world, its principal manufacture being arms and nails. The famous traveller, Sir John Mandeville, lies buried in a convent not far distant; after travelling the world over, he thought proper to spend his latter days, and terminate the journey of life, in this city.

Proceeding without halting, we arrived at *Brussels*. It was my intention to spend a few weeks in this city; but circumstances, which always attend the fortune of war, obliged me to defer this intention, and make a precipitate retreat. In our last day's journey from *Liege* we passed many battalions of the army, and, on our arrival at *Brussels*, we had great difficulty in getting any accommodations: all was anxiety, and expectation of great events.

The next day numbers of carriages and waggons continually arrived, with wounded soldiers from the advance of the army. This distressing scene excited confusion and flight in every direction, as every hour brought us the most extraordinary and alarming reports. On the 17th of June, the situation of those whose duty did not require them to remain at Brussels, became more critical. We had certain advice of the battle of the 16th, and which was too well confirmed by the constant arrival of the wounded and dying. Every hour produced contradictory accounts: the fears of the inhabitants propagated the report that the allies were defeated, and that the French would be in the city that evening. My companion, the Sicilian marquis, was less disposed to wait for the event than myself, who certainly had no wish to become a spectator on such an occasion. He was the bearer of some dispatches from the Court of Palermo to Louis XVIII. and was in terror at the idea of falling into the power of Napoleon. At this critical moment he proposed our im-

mediate departure for Holland, to wait for the impending events, which I did not hesitate to accept ; but during this confusion it was some hours before we could, by great exertions, and at an enormous price, procure horses. Terror had gone before us, and, at the end of our first post, no horses could be obtained ; we were therefore obliged to continue proceeding, nearly the whole night, with our tired cavalry, a distance of thirty miles. Every hour fame increased the alarm, and people were flying in all directions. My friend, the marquis, was not satisfied to wait for news any where ; but fearing our being stopped, proceeded without halting, not thinking himself out of danger until we reached Amsterdam. Happily on the morning after our arrival there, all our expectations and fears were relieved by the glorious news of the battle of Waterloo.

Being now so unexpectedly in the capital of Holland, and having settled my financial concerns with my diplomatic companion, I determined, before I returned to headquarters on my way to England, to

spend a short time in collecting some gleanings through a country to me so novel and interesting.

Amsterdam is surrounded with swamps and canals, which render it damp and unwholesome. The city is situated in a marshy, plain, and uninteresting country. The traveller is much astonished as he enters Amsterdam. He sees some hundred canals, which traverse every part of the city, and some of them are no less than two miles in length: they are certainly of the greatest possible convenience for objects of commerce, and are always covered with innumerable vessels, but must be injurious to health, as there is scarcely any current in the water, which receives all the filth of the city. By the sides of these canals are broad streets and commodious quays, ornamented with extensive avenues of elm-trees, which give Amsterdam an agreeable and cheerful appearance, and protect the inhabitants, in summer, from the heat of the sun. These trees appear more extraordinary from being found in the midst of one of the most populous cities in Europe.

You cross the canals by at least 250 narrow bridges, many of which are so constructed as to be lifted up without difficulty, for the passage of vessels. The principal canal, from its great size, may rather be called an arm of the sea: as it enters Amsterdam it receives different streams, and finally communicates with the Northern Ocean, so that vessels of great burden can enter the fine port, which presents a very busy scene, and is covered with thousands of masts. The streets of this city are broad and most admirably paved; the houses all of brick, and very much in the style of those in England, but different from all others in the world, from their extreme cleanliness; the windows, doors, pavement, and, indeed, all the exterior as well as interior, are kept so clean and so particularly neat, that you can almost fancy you are walking through the galleries of an immense palace. These houses are all built on piles, as those at Venice, and, indeed, without this precaution, they would stand very few years on so marshy a soil. The foundation of the king's palace, which is likewise, formed on those piles, is said to have cost,

a greater sum than all the other part of the edifice. During the heat of summer, people are constantly employed in watering the streets, with an engine for the purpose, which refreshes the atmosphere in every direction. On each side of the windows in the room which the family chiefly inhabits, I remarked, on the outside, a small mirror, by means of which a person, without moving from his chair, sees every one who passes in the street either way. These mirrors are in general use through all the towns in Holland. It is from trifles we discover the taste and habits of a country. The inhabitants appear to possess a cold unsociable reserve, and fondness for retirement and economy: they will sit for hours in the corner of a window, to observe, unseen, through these mirrors, who passes the street, and who visits their neighbours. To me it conveys an idea of laziness, and vacuum of mind. In fact, the Dutch do not like society; and few inducements will stimulate them to exertions beyond those of getting money, or saving it. I know not how they managed

with their late friends from France; for we may as well expect to combine any opposites in nature, as to unite two such distinct races of human beings. In no instance, perhaps, did ever the following quotation more forcibly apply,

“Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur.”

The admiralty, the town-house, the synagogue, and the exchange, here, all merit particular attention. The square, in the interior of the latter building, appears scarcely large enough to contain the thousands of persons who flock there every day about three o'clock. I observed that those who arrived after that hour, were obliged to pay a trifling sum of money to obtain admittance. It is intended for the laudable purpose of making the people punctual, and to prevent the assembly from being continued for too long a space of time, with the risk of spoiling their dinners; as Dutchmen, even for the sake of gain, will on no account consent, “*d'se don-heurer.*” The plan we adopt in London, I think, is much better, namely, after a certain hour to shut all the gates except one,

and admitting none to enter, which soon induces the few stragglers who remain, by common consent to retreat. At Bordeaux they have a very efficacious method of inducing the merchants to quit the exchange, by beating several drums in so violent a manner, as to stun every person present.

The better orders of men at Amsterdam still continue the same fashion in their dress, which we are told was highly in vogue with the *petits maîtres* at the beginning of the last century. I refer to the straight cut black coat, the bag wig, and three-cornered hat. But there is another description of costume here, still more singular than the one I have been just describing. I mean that worn by those men who are hired after a person's death, to inform the different relatives of the sad intelligence. They of course are all in mourning, and to the large cocked hat is attached behind them, a piece of crape more than a yard long; which almost reaches the ground.

I went to the theatre during my stay at Amsterdam, and was enraptured with the

melodious notes of Catalani, whose voice seems to delight the whole of Europe. I was surprised when I found the admission ticket to the boxes cost rather more than nine shillings, which is triple the price one in general pays on the continent. But every thing is exceedingly dear in this populous city, as much so as in London.

I was glad to shorten my stay at Amsterdam, as the climate did not at all agree with me, and I suffered from a violent head-ache which arose from the dampness of the air, and the unwholesome smell proceeding from the stagnant canals. I have already mentioned that I experienced precisely the same evil during my residence at Venice, but that city is refreshed by the sea breezes, whilst Amsterdam has not that advantage in so great a degree. The people here are very subject to fevers and agues. The population however is, for the extent of the city, immense, and said to amount to 150,000 souls. Commerce is extremely active, and the merchants, notwithstanding their heavy contributions to their late protectors, are very rich. Every moment appears to be

exclusively employed in getting or saving money, consequently they have no time left for spending it. The shops here are not shut in summer till after midnight. There is a continued bustle in the streets till a late hour, and the coffee-houses especially are particularly gay. In most of them you find a band of music, with different classes of people amusing themselves by smoking or playing cards. There are also other descriptions of coffee-houses or public meetings, where two or three miserable fiddlers attend, and which are frequented by all classes of inhabitants of both sexes, as well as visited by foreigners, who are admitted on paying for some slight refreshment. They sit round a large room to witness the exhibitions of promenade and dancing of certain performers, sometimes resident in the house. I shall enter no farther on this subject, but to remark my astonishment that so reflecting and prudent a people as the Dutch, should frequent places where such open violations of morality and common decency are practised, and that the government, above all, should tolerate it.

This city presents the appearance of

London and Venice combined. It resembles the former from its commerce and continual bustle and activity, and the latter from the number of canals and bridges; but at Venice you from necessity must take a gondola to go from one part of the city to the other, whilst at Amsterdam the canals merely serve for objects of commerce, as there are commodious streets on each side of them. It would be hardly fair to make any comparison between this city and London. The streets of the former are not so handsome, nor do its houses display such magnificence as must strike every one as he enters the capital of Great Britain. There is none of that luxury in its equipages, although you find a great deal of movement and bustle, which must be remarked in every place of such considerable commerce. The merchants and their dependants (who may be said almost to form the entire population) appear to remain chiefly at home, where they have every comfort around them, and they seem to have instilled the same excellent idea in the minds of their wives.

I saw very few carriages here, but I ob-

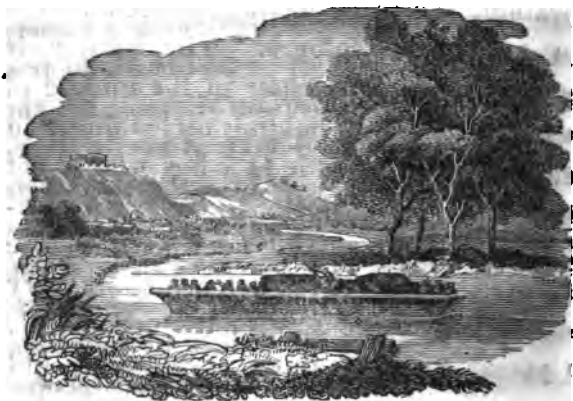
served a species of vehicle in the streets consisting of the body of a carriage without wheels, and supported on a sledge. It appeared to be a very easy conveyance, but can only be made use of in a town where the pavement is tolerably even. It is drawn by one horse, which is generally of an immense size and force, for which breed of horses Friesland has always been famous. The shops here are excellent, but do not equal the splendour of those in London. All the necessaries and luxuries of life are very dear, but furnished in abundance; this city being in correspondence with all the different parts of the world. The constant movement in the streets and on the canals, the frequent and splendid avenues, and the respectability of the buildings, give Amsterdam a degree of consequence which renders it agreeable for the resort of travellers. Here we see collected a mixture of all nations, and of all descriptions of costumes. The six or seven pair of breeches of the men, and the wardrobe of petticoats, of the servant women, with their enormous awnings instead of hats, struck me as being remarkable for singularity.

Every religion is tolerated; catholics, protestants, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, have all their places of worship. I believe Mosques and Pagan temples are excepted. It appears to me that every man in Holland (the government included) make the acquisition of money the polar star of their ambition; and that religion, virtue, or vice, have all a free trade throughout their dominions.

The royal palace, formerly the Stadthouse or Guildhall, is built on 14,000 wooden piles, and is the edifice of the greatest note in Amsterdam. I have seen no building in Holland which pleased me more. The architecture is Corinthian, and the whole built of a handsome light-coloured stone. It forms a parallelogram, and stands in a fine open space. The façade is ornamented with a trophy, and on the top, are several full-sized figures in bronze, amongst which is that of Atlas supporting the world on his shoulders. The furniture of the interior, is not in conformity with the splendour of the exterior. The ball room, however, is most magnificent, and ornamented with eight ele-

giant chandeliers. It is 120 feet in length and 40 in breadth, and upon the whole, I should imagine surpassed in beauty by few rooms in Europe. This palace contains an excellent collection of paintings of the Dutch school. Amongst the many, the following particularly attracted my notice. *La garde de nuit* (or night guard), which is considered to be Rembrandt's *chef d'œuvre*, and in which the illusion of the *chiaro oscuro* strikes the beholder with astonishment: indeed the whole work is of the greatest merit, and one of the principal ornaments of this collection. Another equal to it is "the school by night" of Gerard Dow. I contemplated this invaluable picture with great gratification, the artist having painted nature in such true colours. The master is seated in his arm chair in the middle of a large room, and holding up his finger in a threatening attitude to a boy who is not attending to his book. There is an impertinent look, mixed with fear, in the countenance of the latter, which is very striking. By the side of the pedagogue, a young girl is leaning over a table and

reading with attention, whilst a number of children are employed in various occupations. You remark several candles and a lantern on the ground. Here again the effect of the *chiaro oscuro* is equally as wonderful as that which I have just been mentioning in the *garde de nuit*, although there is a great difference in the style of the two productions. In this collection is the largest painting I ever saw, on canvass, by De Wit, representing Moses preaching. No less than 100 figures are introduced in this admirable work, in the whole of which you will observe the greatest harmony. There are also many valuable pieces by Rubens, Rembrandt, Helst, and other celebrated masters.



CHAPTER X.

ONE morning we made an excursion to *Brock*, about four miles distant. This village is one of the greatest curiosities in this country, and is visited by all travellers who resort to Amsterdam. It contains about 400 inhabitants, who retire to this pleasing retreat from the bustle of the city. The curiosity to which I have above referred, consists in the peculiar style of the houses, all of which, on the outside, are painted and varnished with a variety of colours. The pavement before them is also tessellated in various dimensions, the whole producing a degree of neatness peculiar to this place. The different streets here are all paved, and people are continually employed in keeping them clean, not a single weed, not a loose stone, nay, scarcely is there any dust to be seen. One would imagine these good people

consider cleanliness as the principal of the cardinal virtues, and as a kind of supererogation which may compensate for breaches of the minor morals. The inhabitants pass an inhospitable retired life, and no stranger is ever suffered to enter any of the houses, except the shops, where the Dutch are always most happy to see you. They in general live in the back part of the house, whilst the front is shut up. In passing through the village, I looked out of curiosity into many of these dwellings, and scarcely saw a person. In one small house I happened to remark an old woman, who immediately retreated, fearing, no doubt, that I should ask permission to enter. There is another peculiarity in these houses: besides the principal door, they have each of them a private one, which to all appearance is blocked up, and never intended to be opened. This, however is not the case. It is opened, as I was informed, only twice, once during the life of the occupier, namely, when he marries, and once when his friends are carrying him to his last home. No horses or carriages can enter this village, the paved

way being only broad enough to admit two or three persons abreast. Through several of the glass doors I saw the interior of some of the better description of houses. The passages were of marble and ornamented with statues; the doors, windows, roofs, nay, the roofs also were finely polished and ornamented with peculiar taste. Every now and then you see a little garden cultivated with the utmost care. In point of the village is a small lake, and around the water, a number of trees, tortured in the most fantastical manner. The whole is the work of art, but so perfectly unique, that a person in visiting Brock, almost fancies he is beholding a panorama. It reminds us more than any thing else of the fairy-land, of which we read in romances during our younger days. But to complete this idea I ought to have seen some inhabitant who I could fancy to be the genius of the village. Unfortunately almost the only objects I met with, were three or four miserable deformed wretches begging my charity as I passed. The style of the houses, the fanciful colours of the carpet-like pavement, the little lake,

and the trees on its borders, form a picture which it is not easy to describe, but which delighted me exceedingly. The inhabitants, I am informed, scarcely ever stir out except when called by their affairs to Amsterdam. The houses, as I said before, being shut up, a stranger would fancy the village was deserted. In winter it would not be surprising in this moist foggy climate, that the people should prefer the confinement of their houses, but we were now in the middle of summer; and why it is that at this season the Dutchmen make their houses like a lock up hospital, is beyond my comprehension. But there is no disputing about taste.

The garden belonging to one of the principal inhabitants is of considerable size, and laid out in a peculiar style. Adjoining to it is a small wood, in the middle of which I observed a hermitage containing the figure of a friar carved in wood, strongly resembling life. In the corner of the hermitage is a coffin, in which, after his death, the remains of the proprietor of the garden and adjoining house, are to be deposited. What an odd idea is this, and how re-

markable is every thing about the village of Bruck !

I quitted Amsterdam, and reached *the Hague*. The distance is about thirty miles, and the road, for more than half the way, passes as usual, through one continued range of trees, all of the same height, and planted with the greatest regularity. Their branches joining at the top, form a large arch of foliage, and convey a striking idea of its being the avenue to some solemn temple or noble palace.

The Hague, said to be the largest village in the world, is situated on the borders of an extensive wood, which the counts of Holland used formerly to visit for the purpose of hunting. The edifices are handsome, of a good style of architecture, and much boasted of by the Hollanders. The grand avenues which you find in various parts of the village, the palaces, promenades, and handsome squares, give it an air of elegance which is particularly agreeable, and which is not often found elsewhere. Here the Prince of Orange resided at the time of my visit, but the changes that have

since taken place in the political world, have removed the seat of the government to Brussels, and advanced him to the royal dignity. We perceived a degree of gaiety and grandeur, which gives the stranger reason to expect something superior to what he had seen in any other part of Holland, and corresponding with the residence of the first magistrate of the country. The prince's palace is about a mile from the village, standing most pleasantly near the wood. I took a stroll in this luxuriant and extensive wood (called the wood of nightingales) in which there are agreeable walks, varying at every step, and to which the inhabitants resort during all hours of the day, sure of finding a delightful shade, through which the rays of the sun cannot penetrate. The Hague is said to contain about 40,000 souls. The theatre is small, but fitted up with much taste. Here again I enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing Catalani sing. The people of Holland did not receive her with that enthusiastic admiration which I always experience when she commences her

charming melody, and which I cannot too often express. I do not believe they are blessed with musical souls.

The country houses in Holland are remarkable for the neatness and excessive cleanliness of their interior, as well as exterior. The comfort and apparent riches of the inhabitants recalled to my mind my native country. These houses are of brick, and nearly all of the same style. The female peasantry have a most singular costume in wearing enormous hats, which from their size and shape, bring to one's mind our oval English tea-trays. They could never have been invented to hide their blushing faces from the rude stare of man, or from the heat of a burning sun, (so destructive to beauty) as those peasant ladies are not remarkable for timid modesty, or their climate for excess of heat. Perhaps, after all, they wear this perpetual umbrella as a prudent precaution to keep off the rain, which prevails so much in this country. The head-dress consists of a cap with lace, covering the throat, and hanging down the shoulders. The hair is ornamented with a semicircle

of massive metal, many of which cost ten pounds each. The better order of peasantry, who are in good circumstances, wear them of gold; the others, of course, must content themselves with those of gilt or silver. The women have good complexions, are very fresh and rosy, but not remarkable for symmetry of shape or beauty of feature.

From the Hague we went through a delightful country to *Rotterdam*. This city, situated on the Maese, which may be considered an arm of the sea, from its expanse, is entirely devoted to the activity of trade, as is the case with all the maritime ports of Holland, and, in consequence, has few objects to detain the attention of the curious traveller. Although I was given to understand, the commerce had not recovered the ruin occasioned by the destructive policy of the French emperor, yet the bustle and activity of business here formed a striking contrast to the objects of that description I had witnessed, for three years past, in the south of Europe. The streets in this city are neat and clean, as is general through all the united provinces;

and the shops discovered the industry and the intercourse of actual commerce. The perpetual rows of trees were here as common as in all the other towns: and the forest of masts, which terminated the prospect on the river, formed a novel and interesting spectacle. I had the curiosity to visit the principal church: the plainness, not to say the meanness, of the interior, the total absence of all ornaments, the bare whitewashed walls, and the rude unpolished deal benches, I must say, excited my surprise, mixed with disgust; but I had long been impressed with the solemnity and magnificence of churches in Catholic countries; and the good people in Holland are, probably, not disturbed with those prejudices which I felt at the moment of entering this church.

This city owes more of its celebrity to its having been the birthplace of one individual, than, perhaps, to all its commerce and opulence. Here that great and good man, Erasmus, one of the benefactors of the human race, first breathed the vital air; and to his memory a statue is here erected.

On the second day after my arrival at Rotterdam I departed for *Breda*, which was a fatiguing journey of twenty-two miles, having crossed an arm of the sea and two rivers, with the additional inconvenience of rain during the whole of the day; this, however, among the amphibious inhabitants I met with, appeared no more than a matter of course. This city is situated on the river Merk, and being surrounded on all sides by water, is deemed one of the strongest fortifications in the Netherlands: it is very considerable, both in extent and population. The society and the style of living appear much superior to what we find at Rotterdam, and the other Dutch towns; and, consequently, Breda possesses greater attractions for the tourist. In the middle of the city is a large oblong square, which is well built, containing shops, coffee-houses, and every accommodation for the inhabitants, who much frequent it, and produce an air of liveliness which is not generally found in Holland. There is also a fine public walk inside the extensive fortifications, which is much resorted to;

The great church is a handsome structure; it contains several monuments, much defaced, and which have no claim to notice, except from their great antiquity.

Antwerp is only five leagues distant from *Breda*. This is a very large and populous city. The principal street is handsome, very broad and long; the houses are good and commodious, although not built with much regularity. The churches are very numerous, and full of paintings. The cathedral is a large edifice of fine Gothic architecture: its exterior deserves examination; and the interior is highly decorated with the works of the artists who have studied here. This city was the residence of Rubens, and other great masters, and has been considered as the seat of the Flemish school. The academy formerly enjoyed a high reputation: it contains some valuable productions of different artists, and, I understand, is now frequented by a number of students, who enjoy every advantage at a small expense. I did not omit to see the renowned masterpiece of Rubens and his family, namely, his father, himself, three wives, and his

children. This piece has been so often described by eminent artists, that I will only say, I was fixed for half an hour in admiration of this group, and lamented that I had not an opportunity of making repeated visits to so exquisite a masterpiece.

The arsenal, and famous basin for ships of war, formed by Buonaparte, as also the splendid quays, are objects for the traveler's attention. He must likewise see the *chantier*, or ship-builders' yard, which is on the grandest scale. There were a number of ships on the stocks, just in the same state as the French had left them. The Scheld is so deep and so broad a river, that it may be considered an arm of the sea, so that ships of the line can sail two miles higher up than Antwerp. The numerous canals which run in every direction through Holland, bring the barges to various parts of the city, and render it a very desirable place for commerce. It stands in an extensive flat, and its citadel is considered to be one of the strongest in Europe. To see the richly cultivated country around, and the course of this beautiful

river, all strangers should mount one of the towers, when they will be highly gratified for their exertion. So important a river is the Scheld considered, that all old politicians must remember, that the attempt to open its navigation was the real or ostensible cause of the late French revolutionary war, which desolated all Europe. The inhabitants of this city are said to be strongly attached to Buonaparte.

Leaving Antwerp, we continued on our journey through a rich and level country; and, after travelling twenty-two miles, arrived, once more, at *Brussels*.

This fine city, the capital of the Netherlands, stands partly on a plain on the banks of the Senne, and partly on an eminence. It differs, in every respect, from Antwerp, not being so large, neither do you observe so much bustle of commerce in the streets; but it is much more cheerful, and the nobility who live at Brussels, make it a much more pleasing residence than Antwerp. The chief beauty in this city consists in its park, situated at one end, and, perhaps, superior to any thing of the kind in Europe. I have never seen so

small a space of ground laid out to greater advantage or with better taste. Around it are a number of edifices, chiefly palaces, belonging to the government and the nobility, forming a large square of superior splendor to any that I recollect to have seen; indeed the shady walks, the richness of the trees, and elegance of the surrounding buildings, render it unrivalled in beauty. The cathedral is of Gothic architecture, but contains no objects to deserve attention. The town-house is far handsomer, and situated in a large square, which serves for the purpose of a market-place. There are here no less than twenty public fountains, chiefly of marble, and producing an abundant supply of water. Most of the streets in the old part of the town are badly paved, and much neglected. The shops are handsome; commerce seems tolerably active; and, by means of its canals, Brussels derives all the advantages of a sea-port. The fortifications of this place, in common with those of every other city in the late Austrian Netherlands, were destroyed by the philanthropic, but impolitic, emperor

Joseph. The inhabitants are said to amount to 50,000 souls. The country around is pleasing: within a mile of the city is a royal chateau, well worth seeing.

Brussels, at other times gay, now presented a gloomy sight to the eye of the man of feeling: it was filled with wounded soldiers, chiefly English, who had fought and bled at the glorious battle of Waterloo. I was informed no less than several thousand of these fine fellows were then there: we saw them limping about in every direction, some with the loss of an arm, others with that of a leg. I was filled with admiration at observing, notwithstanding the wounds they had received, how cheerful they all appeared. Many who could not walk, were seated in the park, laughing and chatting with their brethren in arms, as if nothing had happened. What equanimity and patience in bearing affliction!

I went, in the public boat, from Brussels to Ostend, visiting both Ghent and Bruges, towns of late perfectly well known to the English, and supplying but few materials to gratify curiosity.

I must here apologize for not having

